

10¢

A VITAL BOOK

SM
VI

PLASTIC MAN

IN THE
Game of Death!

4
Full Length
PLASTIC
MAN
Picture
Stories!



HE STRETCHES, SHRINKS AND BENDS!!

This book has been manufactured under wartime conditions
in full compliance with all orders and regulations of the War
Production Board, in particular L 245

By

VITAL PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

New York

from

material prepared and supplied

by

COMIC MAGAZINES

PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

by JACK COLE

TO OUR NEW READERS:

IF YOU SHOULD SEE A MAN STANDING ON THE STREET AND REACHING INTO THE TOP WINDOW OF A SKY-SCRAPER ... THAT'S NOT ASTIGMATISM -- IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ... IF YOU HAPPEN UPON A GENT ALL BENT UP LIKE A PRETZEL ... DON'T DUNK HIM ... IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ALL THIS AND BOUNCING, TOO, YOU'LL SEE WHEN THE RUBBER MAN AND HIS PAL, WOODY WINKS, GAMBLE THEIR LIVES IN: -



ONE WOULD NEVER SUSPECT, IN VIEWING THE APPARENT MERRIMENT AT THE **CHANCE CLUB**, THAT ---

TEN MORE
BLUES!!

**COME
SEVEN!**

SNAKE EYES!

'EVENING,
MR. KING!
FEELING
LUCKY,
TONIGHT!

WOULD I
BE HERE IF
I DIDN'T?

**--ON THE
BASEMENT
FLOOR BELOW
LIES
COLD-BLOODED
MURDER!!**

NOW ... BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, GET A PENCIL AND SCAN THE CROWD ABOVE ... FOR THE MURDERER IS AMONG THEM. CAN YOU PICK HIM -- OR HER -- OUT? WE'LL GIVE YOU A HINT : THE GUILTY ONE IS NOT THIS ONE!

HOW'S
BUSINESS
TONIGHT?

**SWELL!!...
WE'VE
INSTALLED
SOME NEW
GAMES AND
THE GANG IS
NUTS ABOUT
THEM!**

HERE, FOR
INSTANCE, WE HAVE
FIGHTING **SIAMESE**
FISH!! THEY FIGHT
EACH OTHER 'TIL
DEATH! IT'S EVEN
MORE EXCITING THAN
COCK-FIGHTING --
BECAUSE THE WINNER
ALWAYS EATS THE
LOSER ALIVE!
SOME FUN, EH?

SOUNDS
RATHER
GORY!

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! ... HERE'S OUR SPECIAL FOR THE WEEK .. Y'IBET ON THE TABLE NUMBERS ... THEN BLOW DARTS AT THE CANARY... THEN WHICHEVER NUMBER IT DIES ON IS THE WINNER! HEH-HEH! Y'OUGHTA HEAR TH' MOB HOLLER WHEN IT CONVULSES FROM ONE NUMBER TO ANOTHER! ... IT'S TERRIFIC!

INGENIOUS,
INDEED! BUT
I STILL PREFER
ROULETTE!

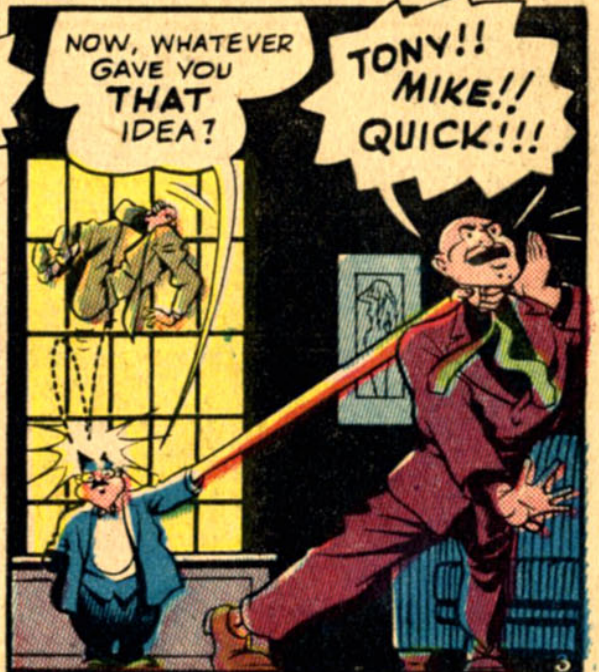
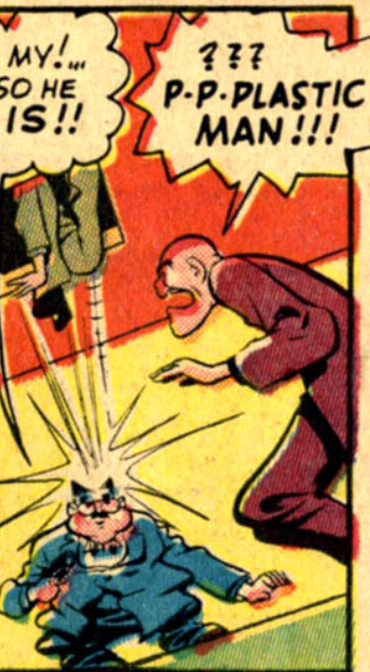
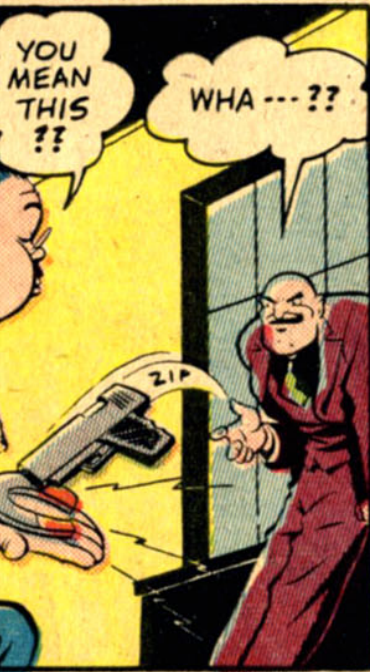
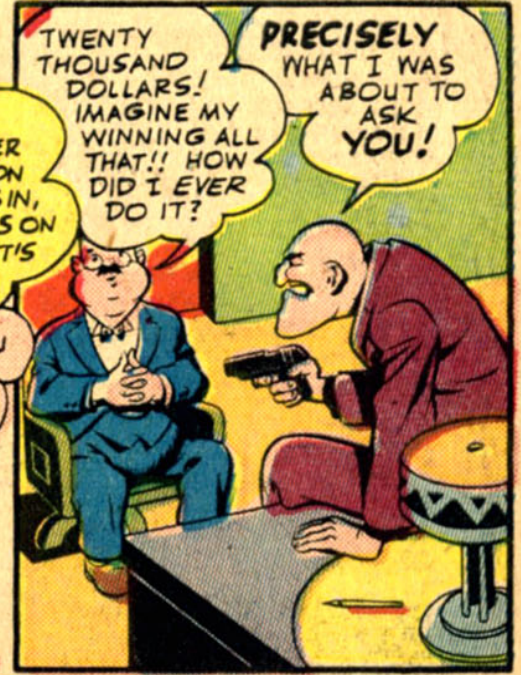
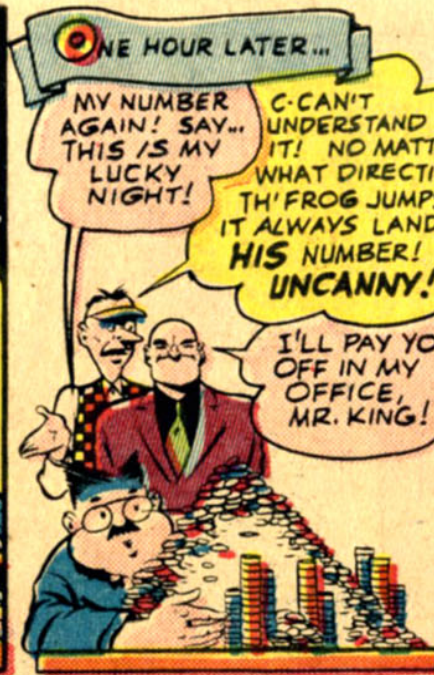
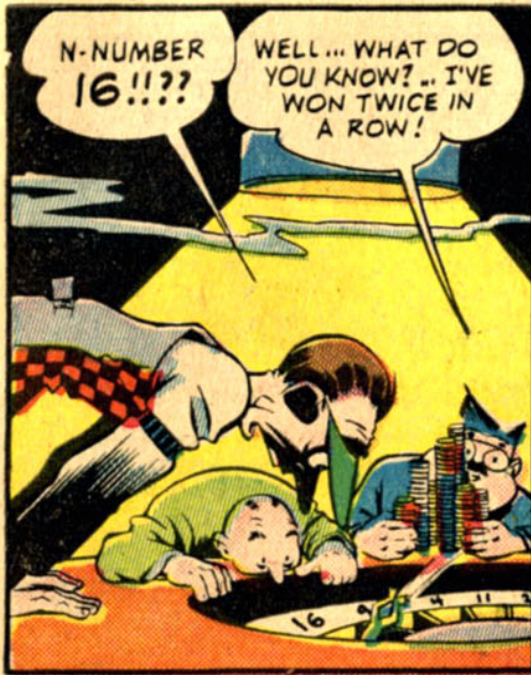
HA!...
SAME OLD
KING! WE'VE MADE
A FEW CHANGES IN
THE GAME, BUT I
DON'T THINK
YOU'LL OBJECT!
... CIGARETTE?

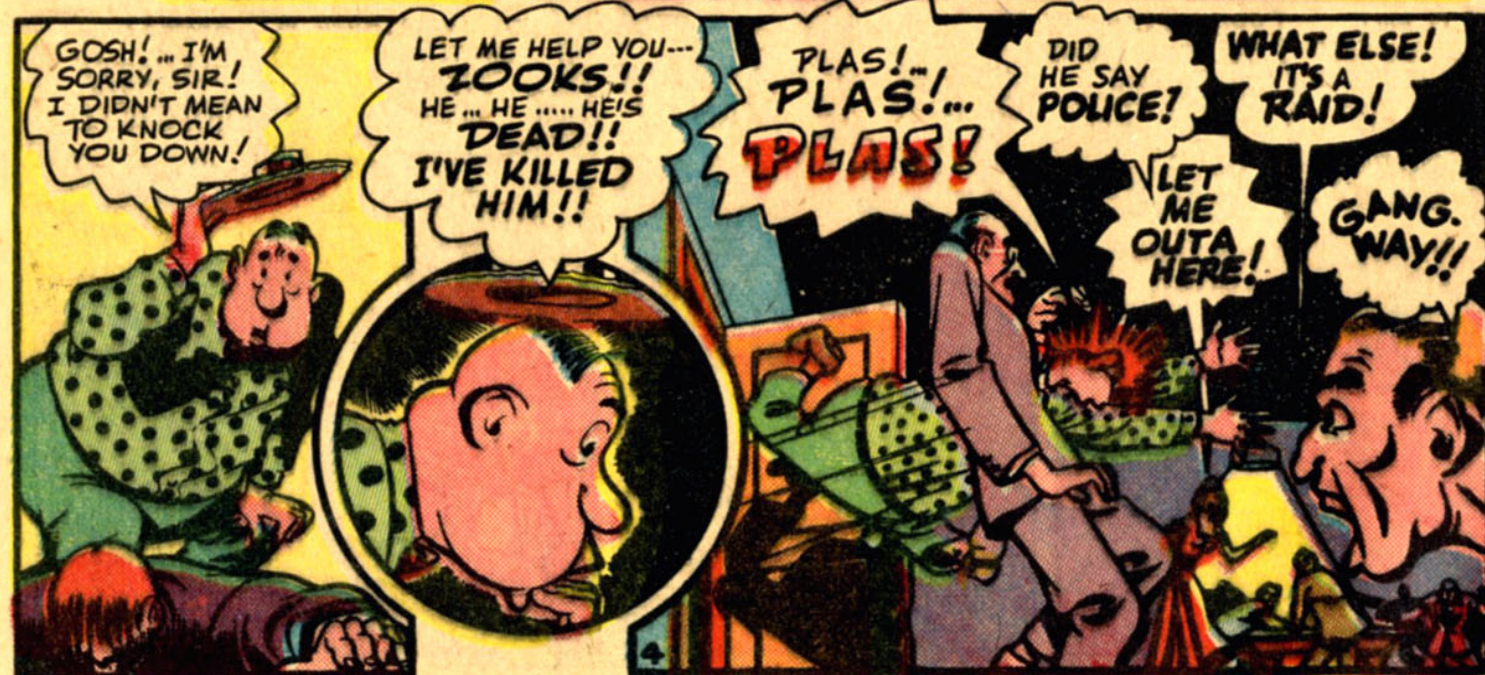
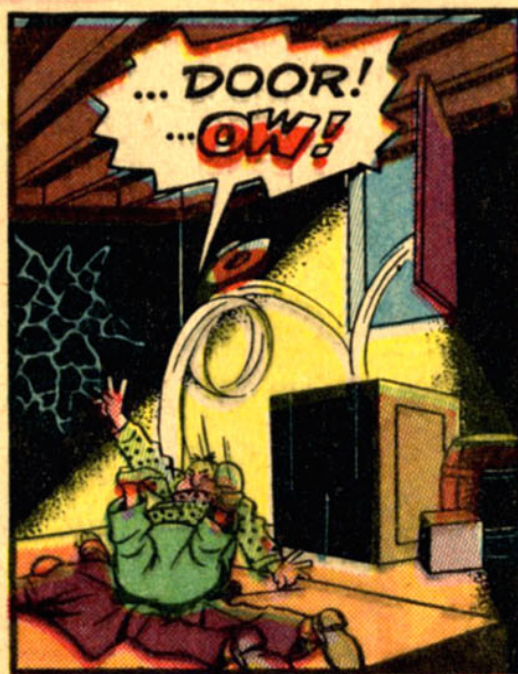
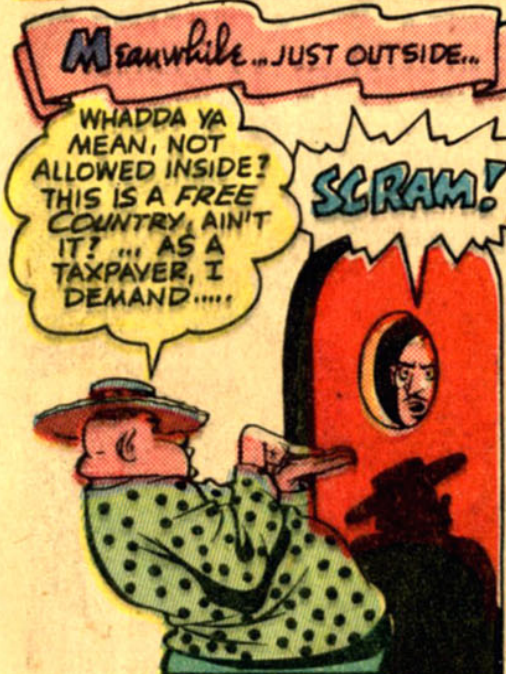
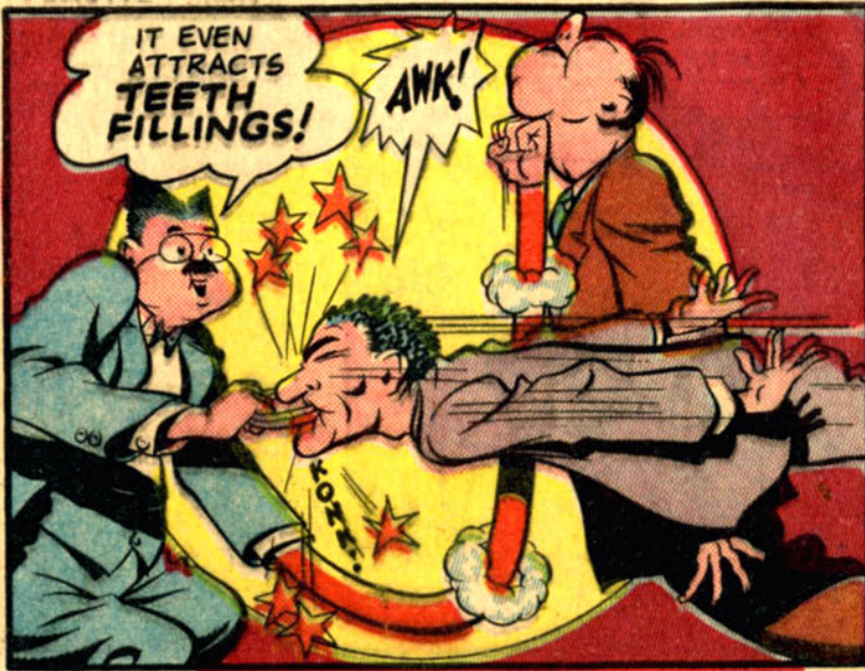
INSTEAD OF BABY
TURTLES, WE'RE USIN'
FROGS-- MORE LIVELY!
WHATEVER NUMBER
POCKET HE HOPS
INTO, WINS!
EVERY OTHER
NUMBER IS ELECT-
RIFIED, SO THAT IF
HE LANDS ON AN
EVEN NUMBER, HE
LIVES... BUT IF IT'S
ODD... **WHAMO!**...
FRIED FROG'S
LEGS!

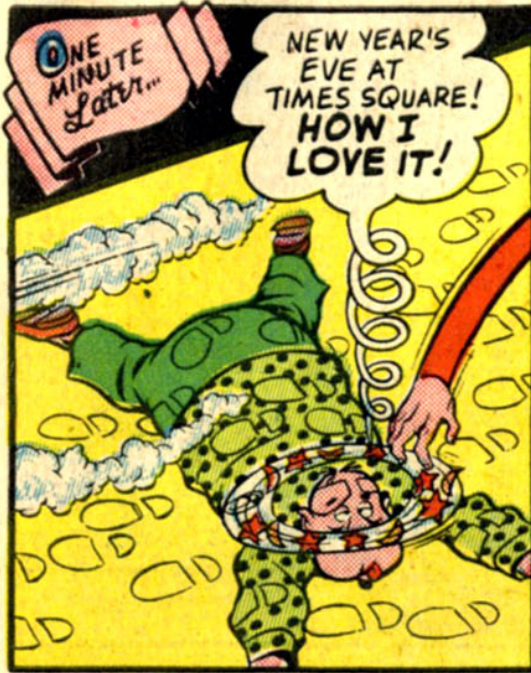
TEH-TCH!
SHOCKING!
STACK ME
IN BLUES!

NUMBER
28
WINS!

**THAT'S
ME!**







NEW YEAR'S
EVE AT
TIMES SQUARE!
HOW I
LOVE IT!



HAPPY NEW YEAR,
EVERYBODY!!...
SEASON'S GREETIN'S!
WOW!
WHAT WAS
IN THAT
"SASSPARILLA"?

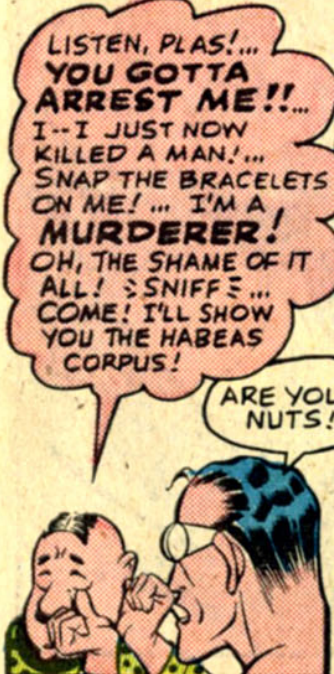
HMMM!



WH-WHERE--
OH, IT'S
YOU!!

WHO DID
YOU EXPECT?
...**LADY
GODIVA?**
WHAT WAS ALL
THAT YELLING
ABOUT?

WHO...
ME??
WHY I NEVER...
OMIGOSH!!
NOW IT COMES
BACK!



LISTEN, PLAS!...
**YOU GOTTA
ARREST ME!!**...
I--I JUST NOW
KILLED A MAN!...
SNAP THE BRACELETS
ON ME!... I'M A
MURDERER!
OH, THE SHAME OF IT
ALL!... **SNIFF**...
COME! I'LL SHOW
YOU THE HABEAS
CORPUS!

ARE YOU
NUTS!



THERE HE IS!...
STRUCK DEAD BY
ME... **KILLER
WINKS!**... **SOB**...
HE PROBABLY LEFT
A WIFE AN' TEN
KIDS!... TEN
SEMI-ORPHANS
--TO **STARVE!**
...**SNIFF-SNIFF**...

YEAH--
SURE!
AND NO
DOUBT
THE BODY
JUST LEFT
ON THE
5:15
FOR
SHANGRI-LA!



GONE??
BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I TELL YA, I
FELL ON A MAN
HERE AND
KILLED HIM!

IF YOUR NONSENSE
HAS ALLOWED SHARP
AND HIS GOONS TO
RECOVER AND
ESCAPE, THERE'LL **REALLY**
BE A MURDER
AROUND HERE!



MINUTES LATER, AT
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS....

HAVE A
HEART, PLAS!
I **SWEAR**
HE WAS DEAD!
WHY, HIS BODY
WAS **ICY
COLD!**

IN THE FIRST
PLACE, IF YOU
HAD JUST KILLED
HIM, THE BODY'D
BE **WARM...**
IF THERE WAS
A BODY!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?



BY GUM! THAT'S
RIGHT!... THEN
SOMEBODY ELSE
MURDERED 'IM!

ER--ER--
NOTHING, CHIEF!
I ONLY LET THE
**CHANCE
CLUB**
OPERATORS
GET AWAY,
THAT'S ALL!



ESCAPED, EH?
PLASTIC,
YOU'RE
SLIPPING!

IT WAS
MY FAULT,
CHIEF!... BUT,
HONEST, I
SAW A CORPSE
THAT VANISHED!
IT LOOKED
JUST LIKE...



THIS!

DON'T
CALL ME
CHIEF!
AND GET OUT
OF HERE
BEFORE--
---**BY JOVE!!**

EARLIER THIS EVENING, A MRS. TOWNE REPORTED HER SON MISSING... FEARED HE WAS KIDNAPPED! AND YOUR FACE EXACTLY RESEMBLES THIS PHOTO OF JAMES TOWNE!

SEE? SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

KICK ME, WOOLZY! GOOD AND HARD!

WHOEVER KILLED JAMES TOWNE WAS AT THE CHANCE CLUB - AND MY PHOTOS SHOW NEARLY EVERY ONE IN THE PLACE! HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE THEM DEVELOPED?

IN TEN MINUTES!

BETTER SEND SOME MEN WITH WOOLZY! HE'LL SHOW THEM WHERE THE BODY WAS! THERE'S ONE QUESTION WHICH NEEDS A LOT OF ANSWERING! ... WHY WERE ALL THE GAMBLING GAMES SO BLOODY? ... I TELL YOU, CHIEF! ... THERE'S A HOT STORY BEHIND THIS!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF!

CHIEF! ...HMMPH!

Later... AT THE TOWNE HOME...

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANYONE IN THESE PHOTOS WHO MIGHT BE ASSOCIATED WITH YOUR SON, MRS. TOWNE?

THAT WOMAN! HIS FIANCEE! I WARNED HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM HER! SHE WRECKED HIS LIFE!

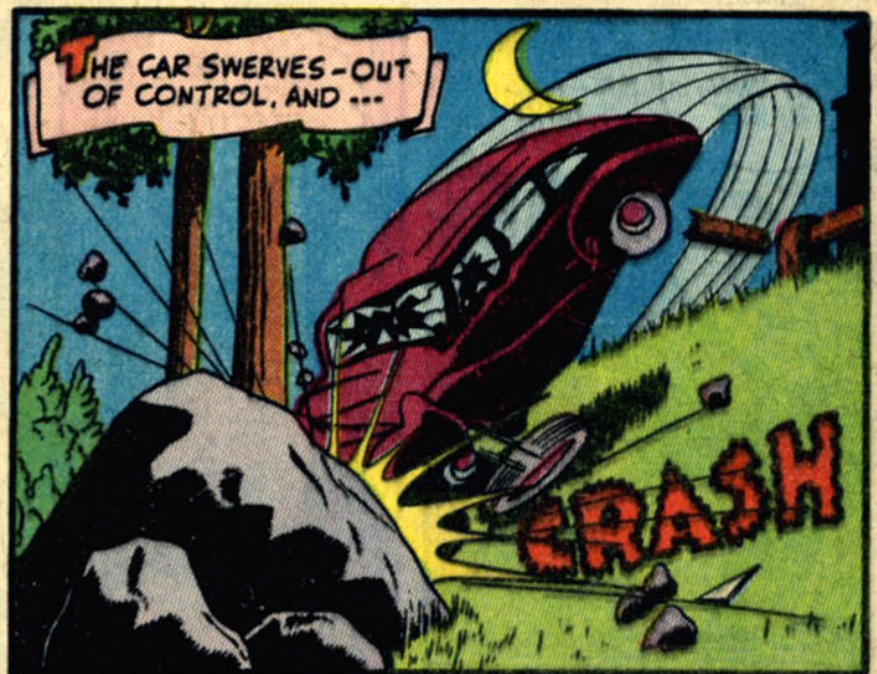
KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES? ... AND WHAT'S HER NAME?

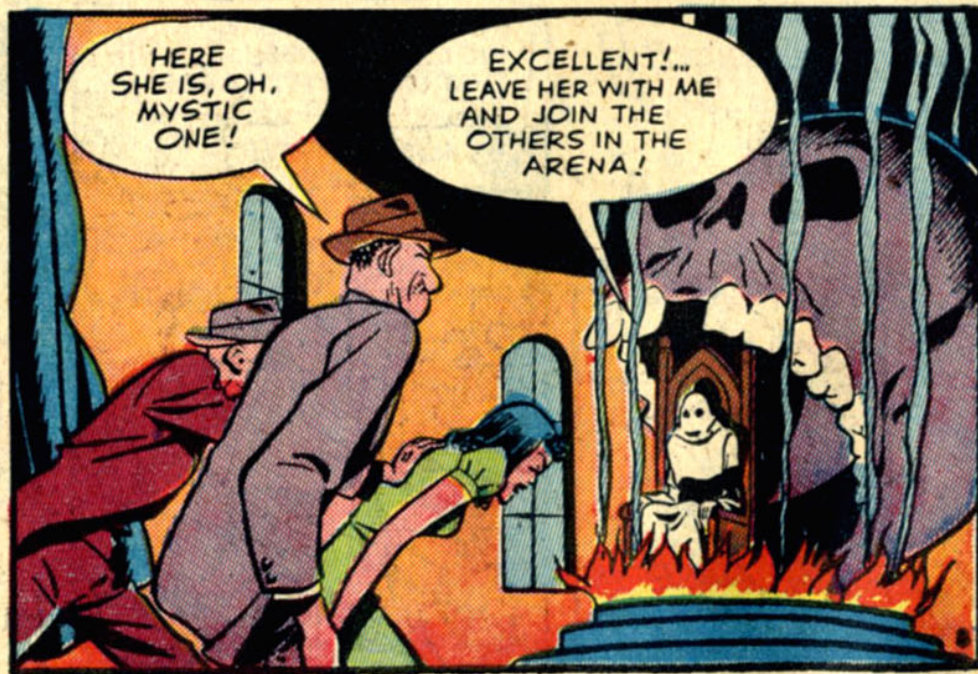
YVETTE LA RUE! 25 PARK LANE! OH, IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO MY SON, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HER!

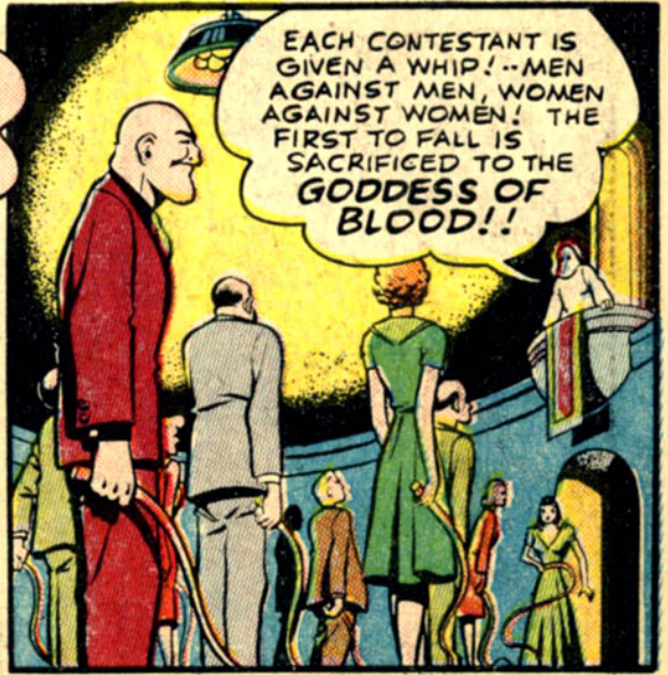
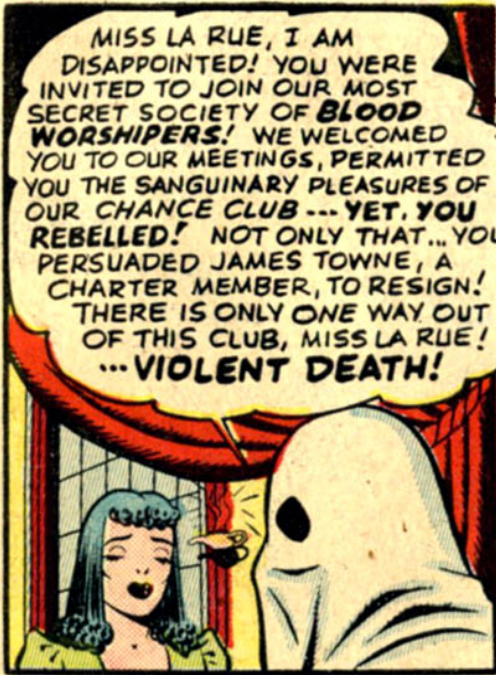
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!... THERE'S HER HOUSE!

OOPS! SOMEBODY'S IN A HURRY!

WONDER WHY?



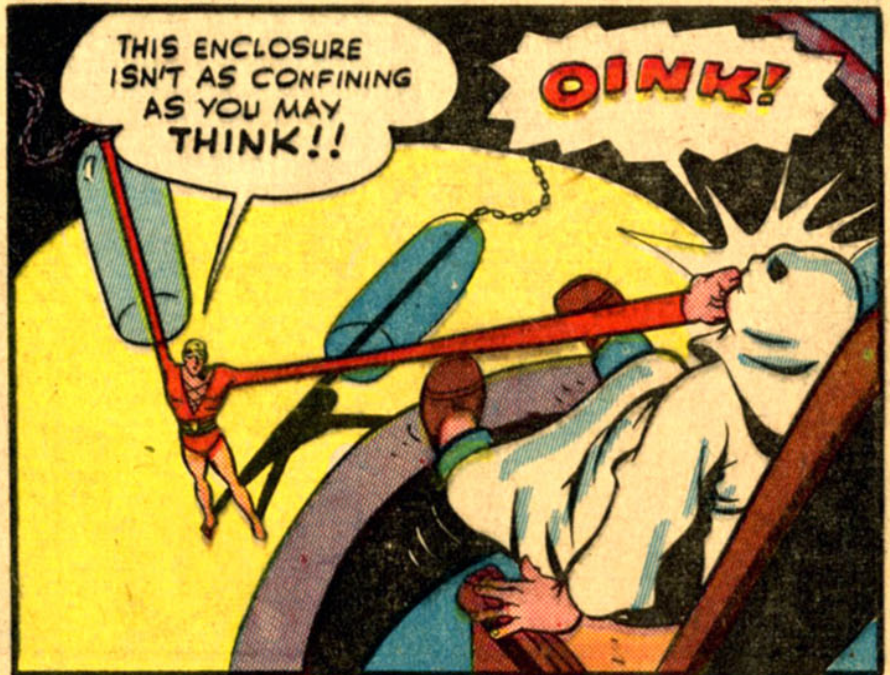








AND NOW MISTER PLASTIC MAN... YOU'RE AT MY MERCY!



THIS ENCLOSURE ISN'T AS CONFINING AS YOU MAY THINK!!

OINK!



THE BALL IS OVER, SWEETHEART-- TIME TO UNMASK!!... ??? WOOLZY!!!

AW... YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THAT RIG? ...AND WHAT WAS THE BRIGHT IDEA IN LETTING THEM GET AWAY?

NOW, DON'T GET ALL HET UP! ... IF YOU WEREN'T PUNCH DRUNK FROM THAT TIGER, YOU'D HAVE REALIZED THE ADDRESS I SENT THEM TO IS RIGHT ACROSS FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICES! NOW, IT'LL BE SIMPLE TO HAVE THE BOYS PICK 'EM UP!



I GOT HERE WHILE YOU WERE GIVIN' YOUR ILLUSTRATED LECTURE! ... I KONKED THE LEADER ON THE BEAN AN' SLIPPED ON THIS K.K.K. EVENING GOWN!

WOOLZY! I'M PROUD OF YOU! BUT THE LEADER-- WHERE IS HE?



IT'S NOT A HE ... IT'S A HER!!

MRS. TOWNE! THEN SHE CONDEMNED HER OWN SON TO DEATH!!



THIS MESS IS MORE CONFUSING THAN EVER! LET'S GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER!... MRS. TOWNE!! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT!!!

SOME NIGHT, HEY, PAL?



Later -- AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

WE GOT A FULL CONFESSION OF GUILT FROM THE CULT MEMBERS, PLASTIC! IT SEEMS THEY OPERATED THE CHANCE CLUB AS A SORT OF RECRUITING STATION FOR NEW MEMBERS -- TO FIND OUT HOW RECEPTIVE THEY WERE TO IDEAS OF CRUELTY!

... JAMES TOWNE WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY GENERAL VOTE, SO THEY ARE ALL GUILTY OF THE CRIME! HIS BODY WAS DUMPED INTO THE NORTH RIVER! AND, BY THE WAY, A MISS YVETTE LA RUE WAS FOUND DEAD IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, HER BODY RIDDLED WITH SLUGS! DOES THAT TIE UP ANYWHERE, PLASTIC?

DOES IT!! I WAS IN THAT CAR WITH HER WHEN IT CRASHED! IN HER DYING MOMENTS, SHE REVEALED THAT JAMES TOWNE HAD TAKEN HER TO THE CHANCE CLUB, LAST NIGHT, AND TOLD THE MEMBERS HE WAS RESIGNING! THEY LURED HIM TO THE BASEMENT AND KNIFED HIM TO DEATH! BUT, JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF MISS LA RUE, WOOLY BURST IN AND CAUSED THE STAMPEDE FOR THE EXITS! DURING THE EXCITEMENT, SHE ESCAPED! BUT THEY FINALLY GOT HER AS SHE WAS LEAVING TOWN!

SHE DIED WITHOUT REVEALING THE LOCATION OF THE BLOOD WORSHIPERS' MEETING PLACE! SO I DONNED ONE OF HER DRESSES AND SET OUT, HOPING THE SLAYERS WOULD RETURN, SEE "YVETTE" STILL ALIVE... AND TAKE ME THERE..... WHICH THEY DID! NOW, WOOLY... TELL US HOW YOU LOCATED THE MEETING PLACE!



AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'... WHEN ME AN' THE BOYS WENT BACK TO THE CHANCE CLUB, I FOUND A CARD WITH THE CULT'S ADDRESS ON IT, CHIEF!

AND, OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T LET MY MEN IN ON YOUR LITTLE SECRET, COULD YOU? ... YOU WANTED TO BE A GREAT BIG HERO AND SOLVE THE MURDER ALL BY YOUR LITTLE SELF!

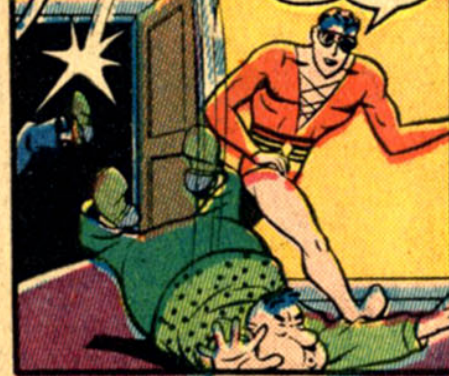
AW, NOW, CHIEF!... I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

WELL, I **DO!!!** AND WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME "CHIEF," YOU BIG FAT EX-DIP?

...AND **STAY OUT!!!**

WHY TH'...

COME ON, PAL!... LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE ---AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!



MEBBY YOU'RE RIGHT! ... THIS WHOLE GORY CASE HAS MY NERVES FRAZZLED! WHAT'S SHOWN AT THE STRAND?

A SWELL PICTURE-- "THE **BLOODY HAND!**"

NO!... NO!! I COULDN'T **STAND** IT!!

I TELL YOU, IF I EVER HEAR OR SEE THE WORD **BLOOD** AGAIN, I'LL **SCREAM!**

THEN YOU'D BETTER START TUNING UP YOUR VOCAL CHORDS!

AND SO, DEAR READER.... NO MATTER **WHICH** PERSON YOU SELECTED AS THE KILLER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY, YOU WERE **RIGHT!** FOR THEY WERE **ALL GUILTY!**

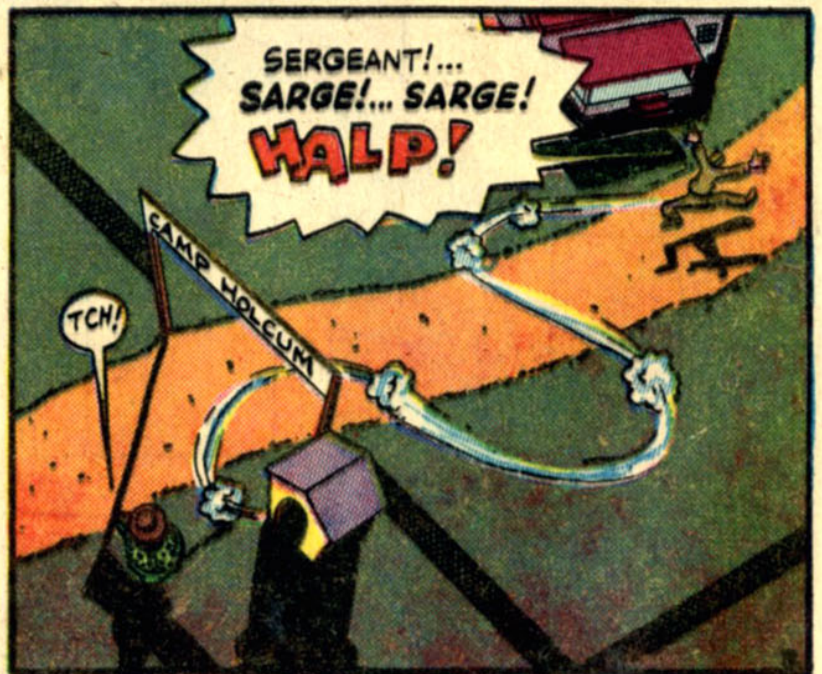
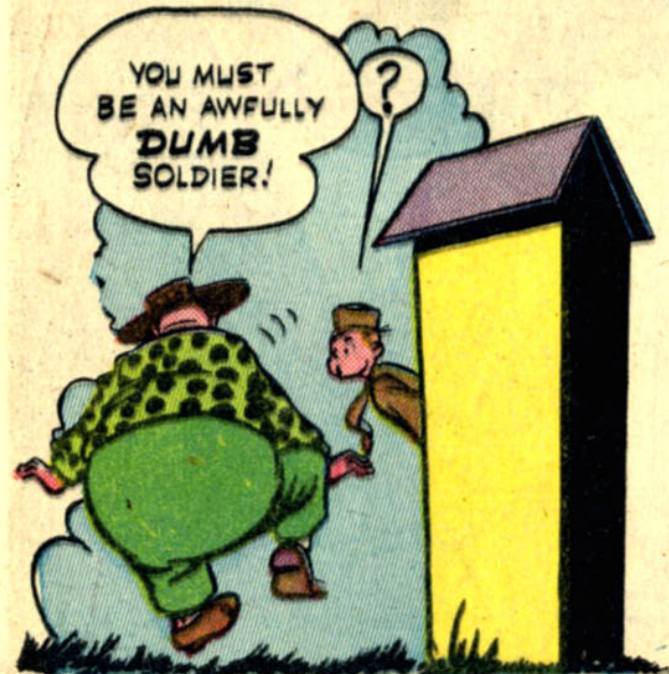
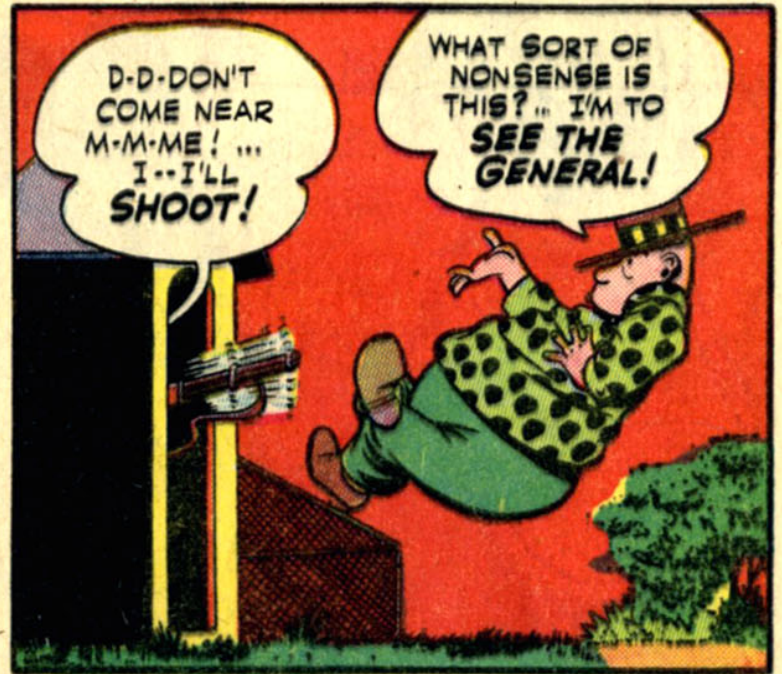
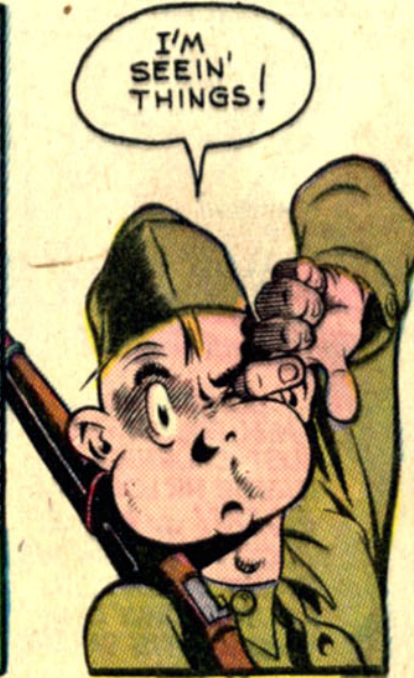


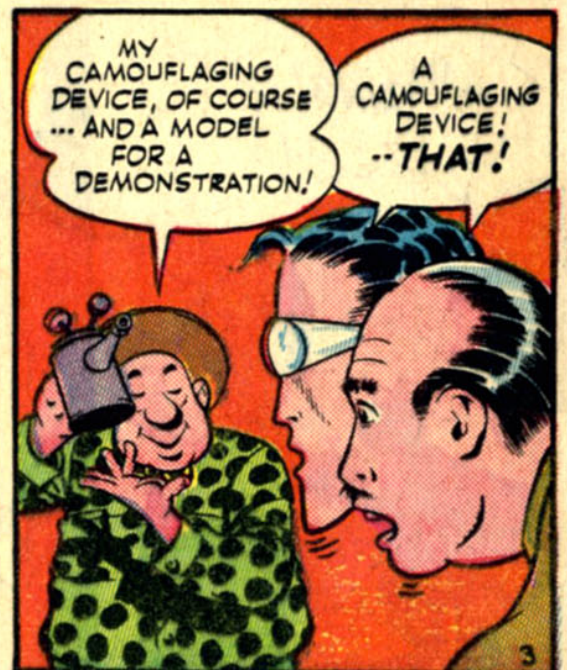
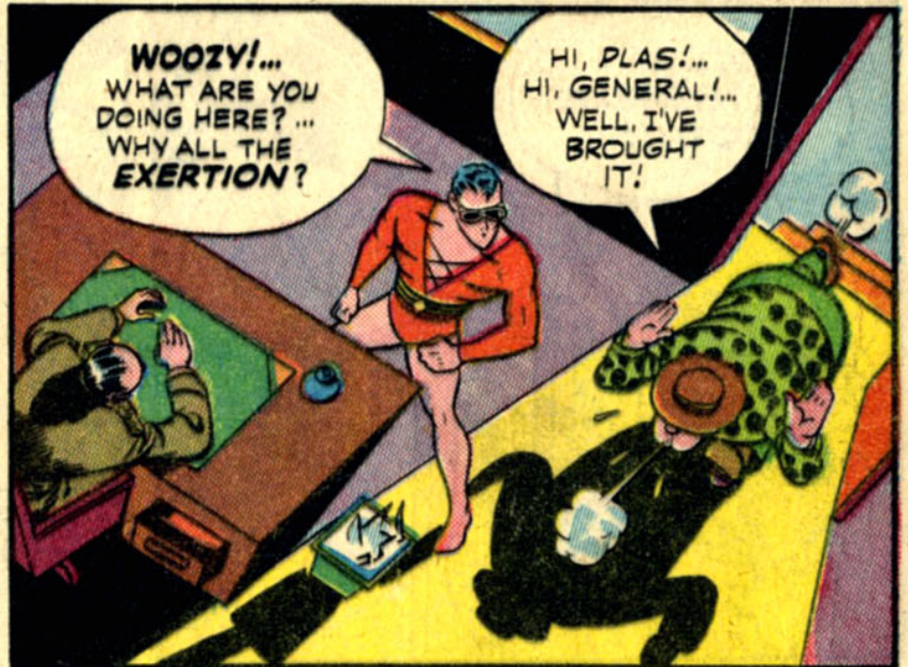
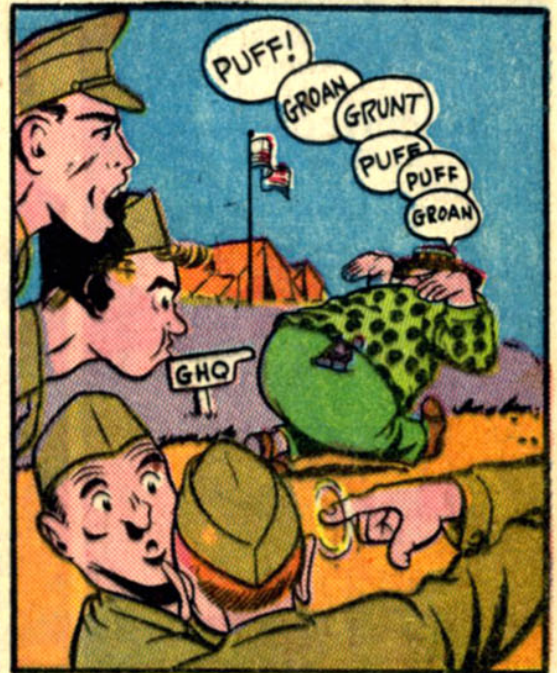
PLASTIC

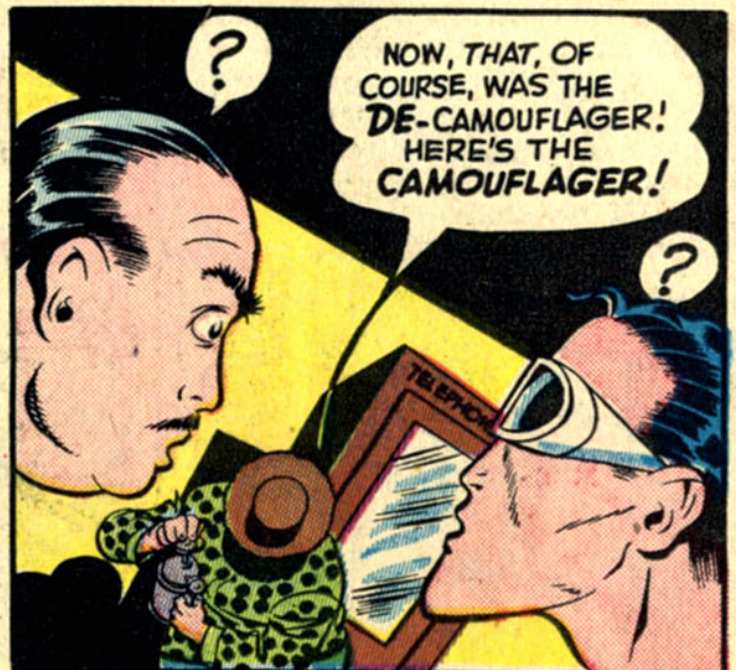
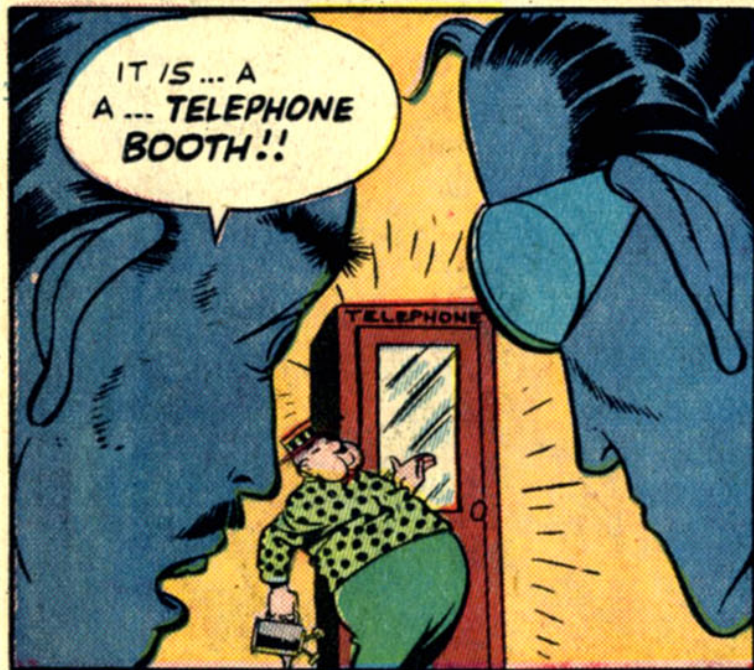
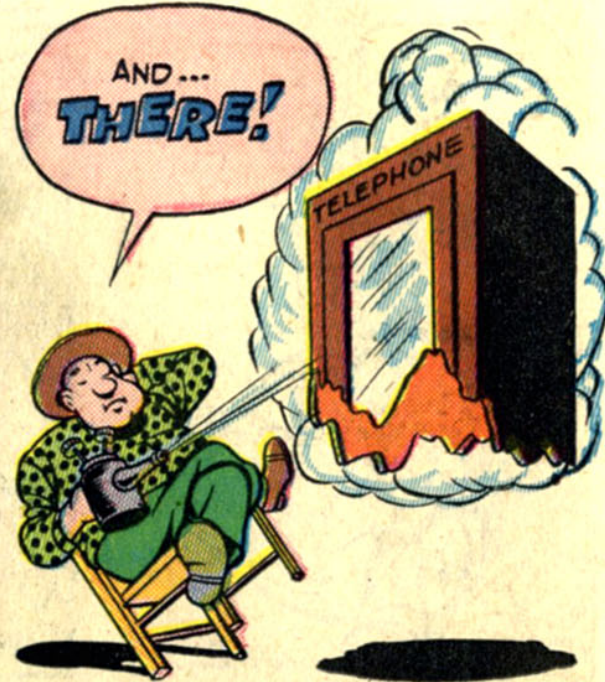


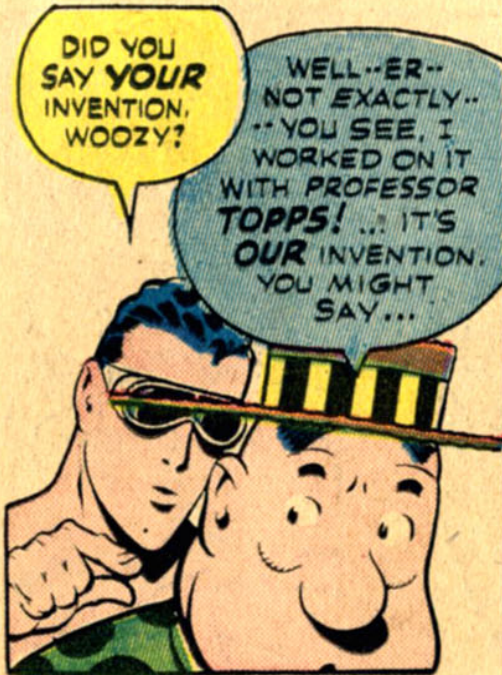
WOOZY!

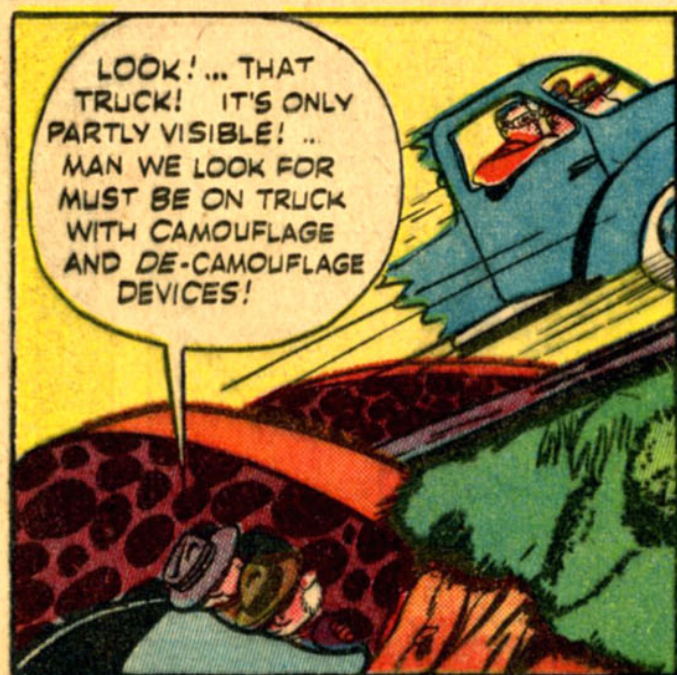
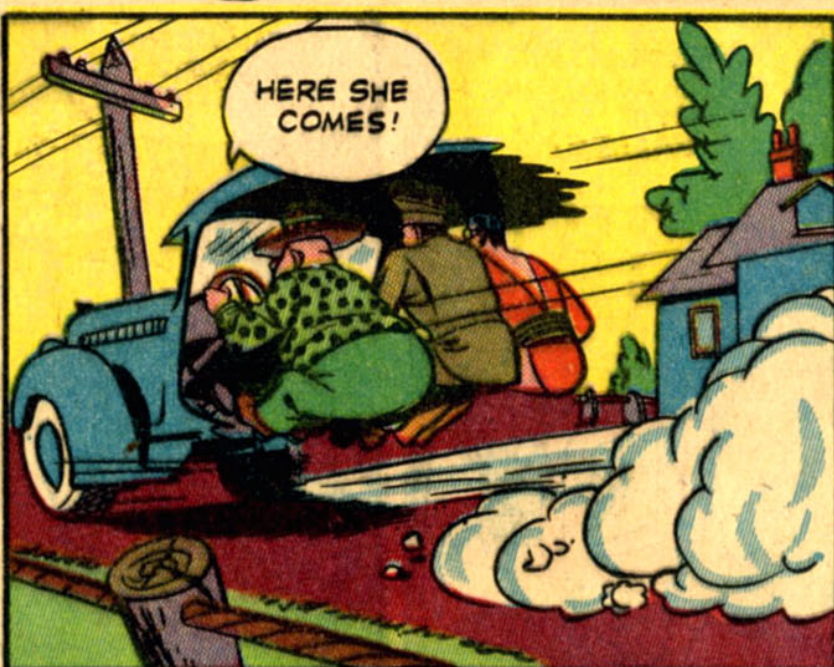
DON'T MIND HIM, FOLKS! ... HE'S JUST CHURNED UP 'CAUSE HE LOST HIS BODY! ... AND I, WOODY WINKS, THE GREAT INVENTOR, AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE IT IS!

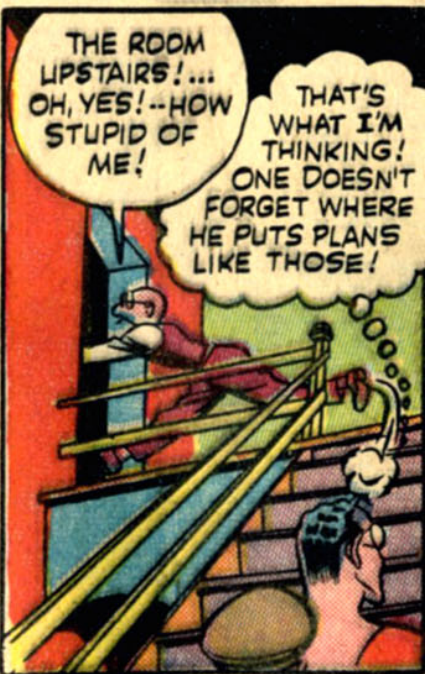
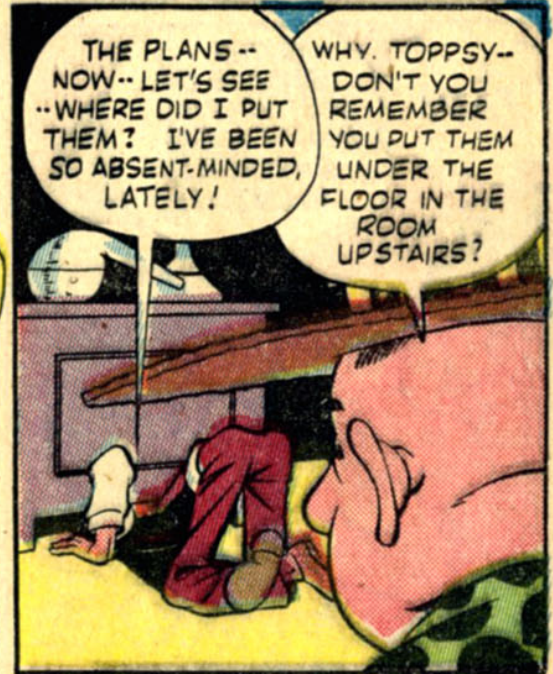


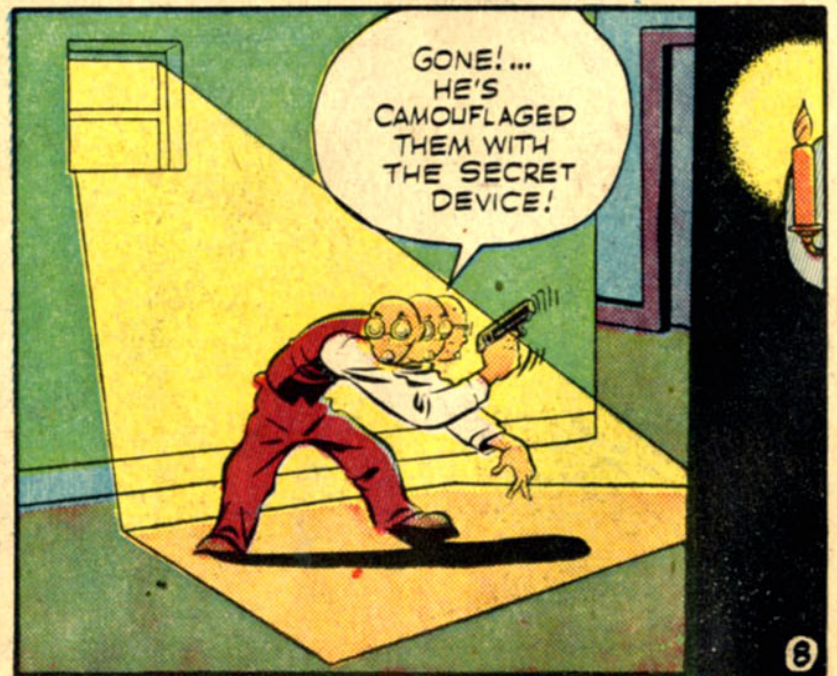
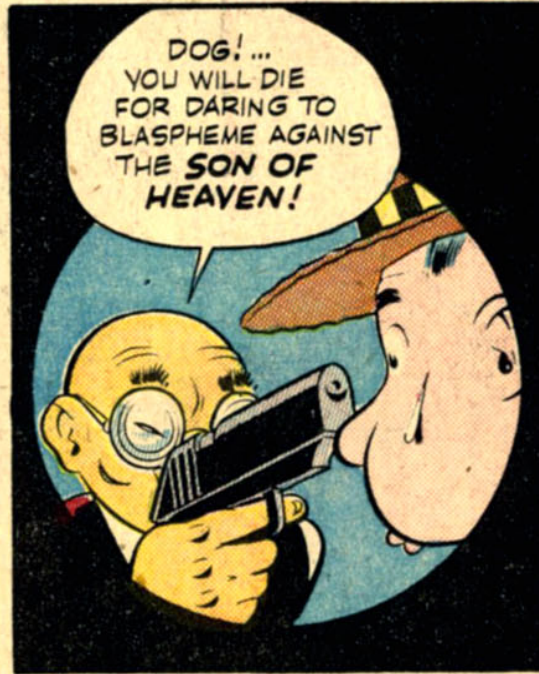
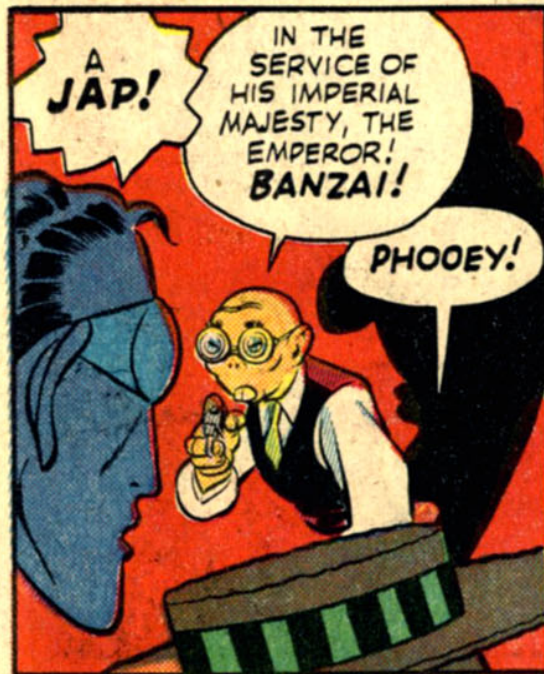


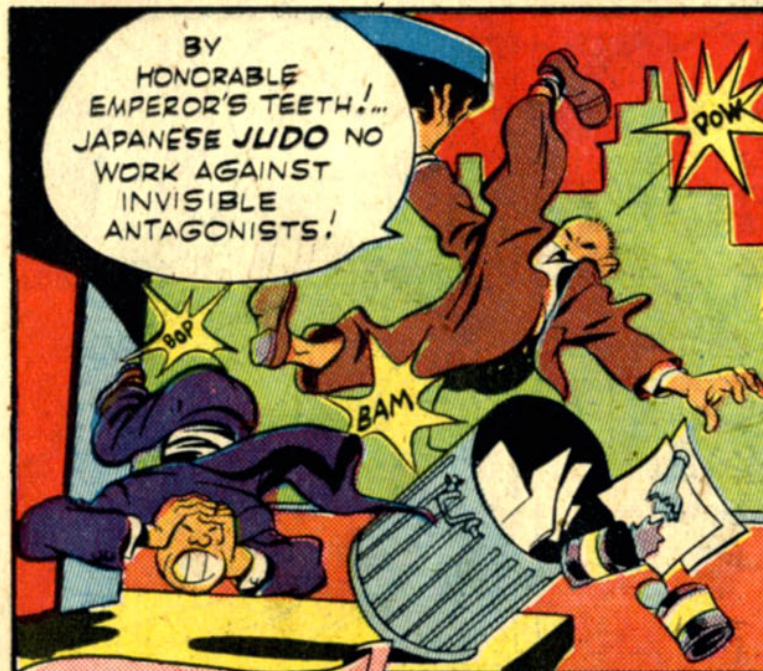
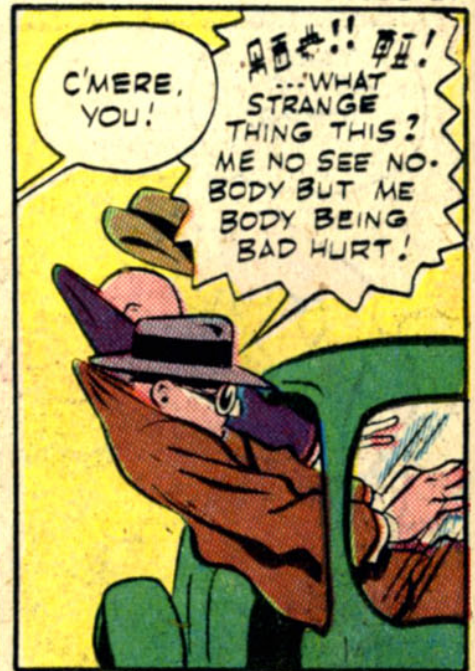
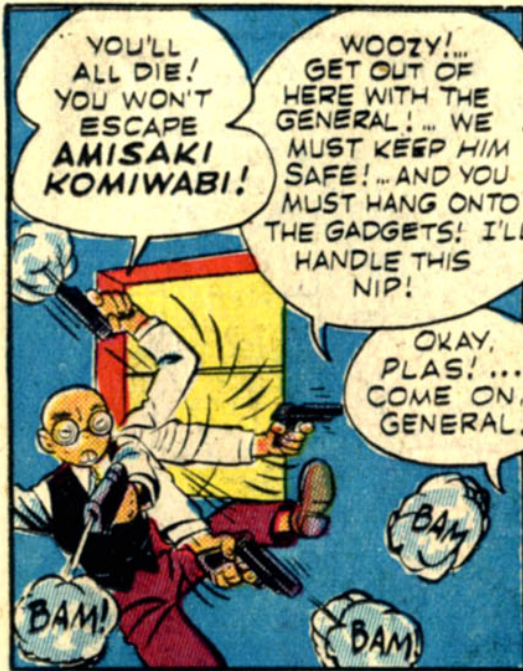


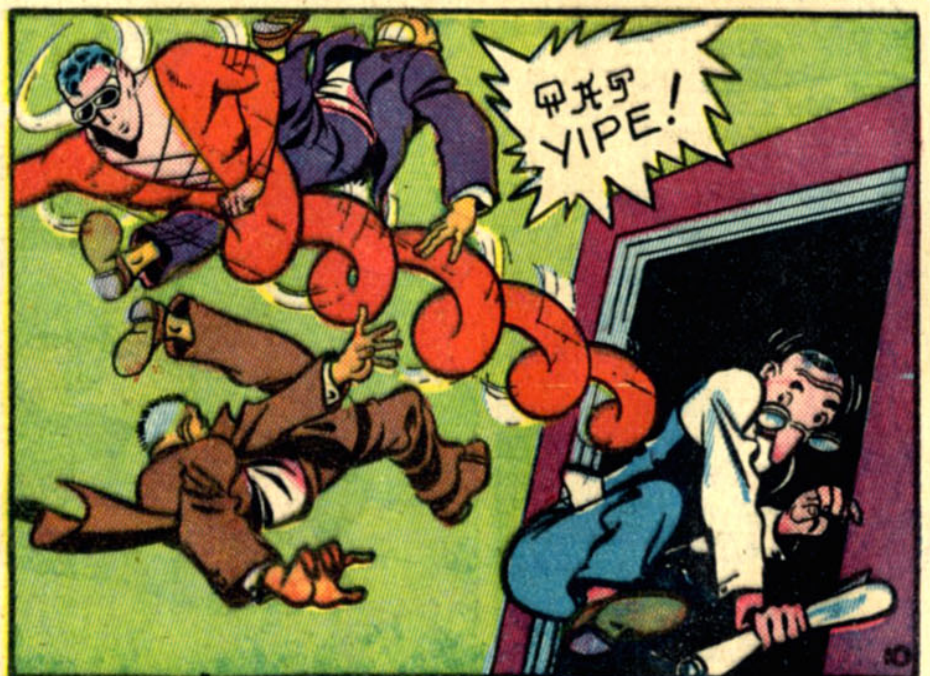
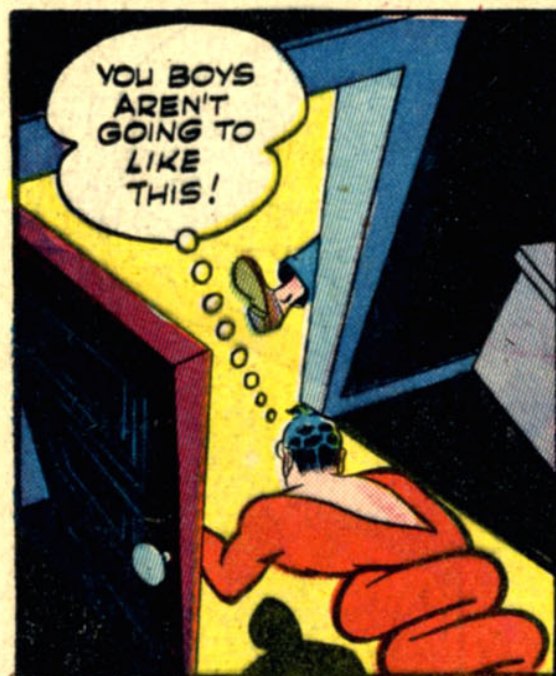
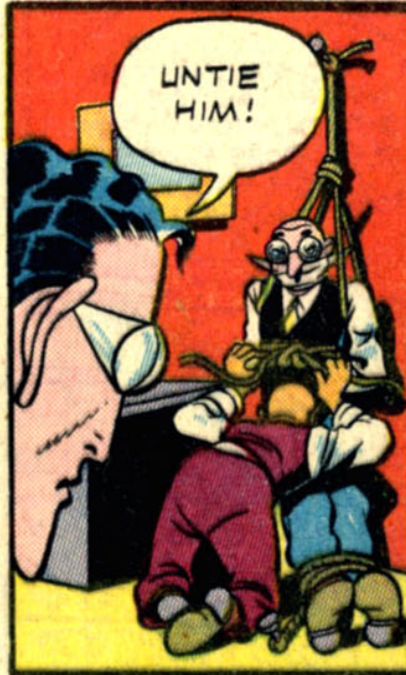
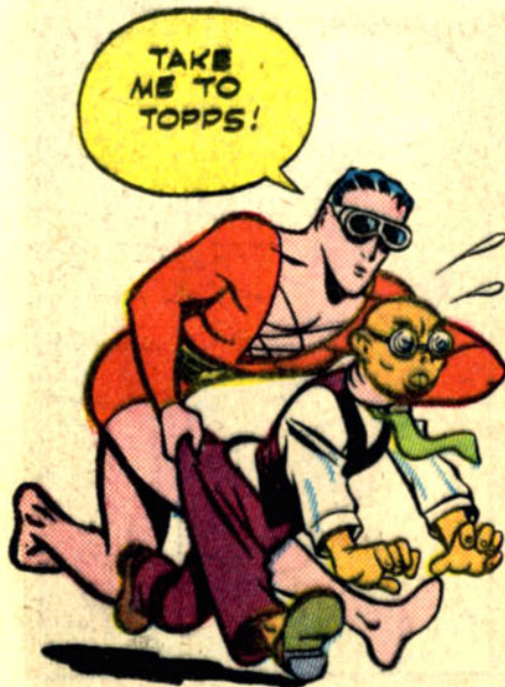


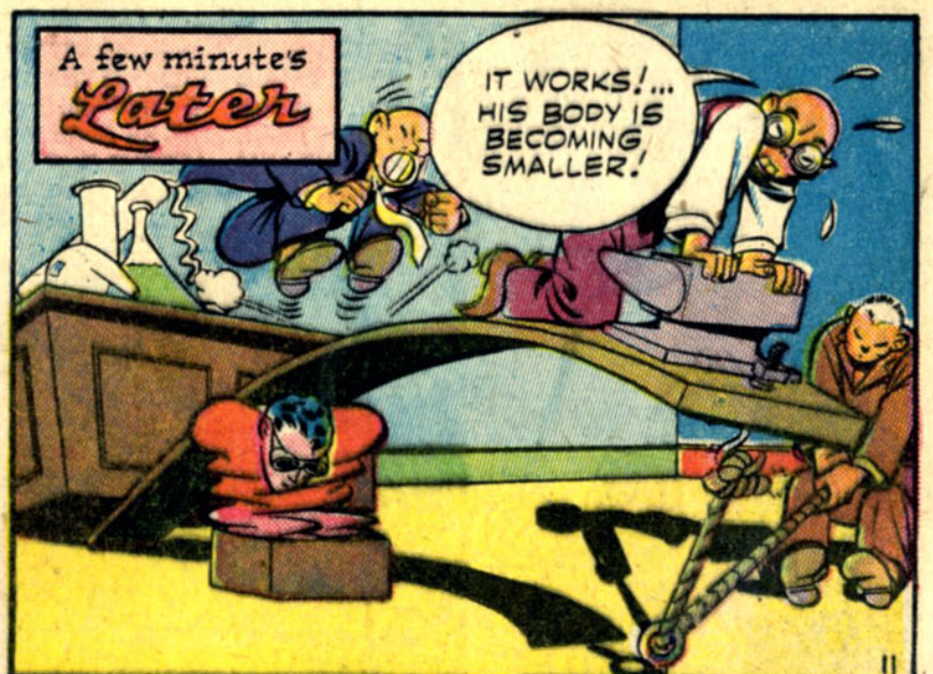
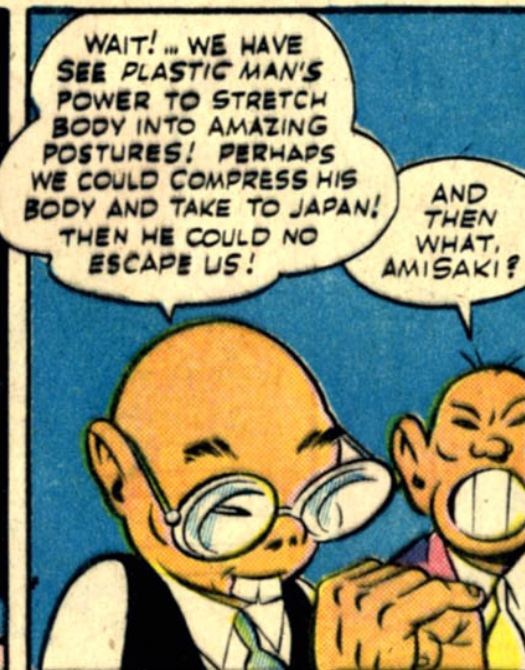
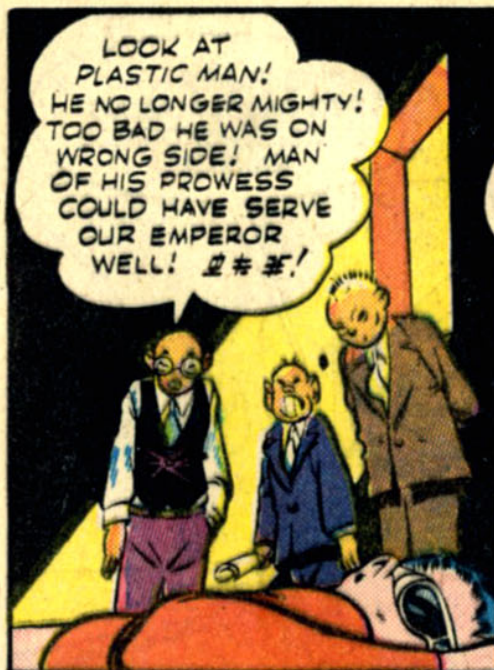
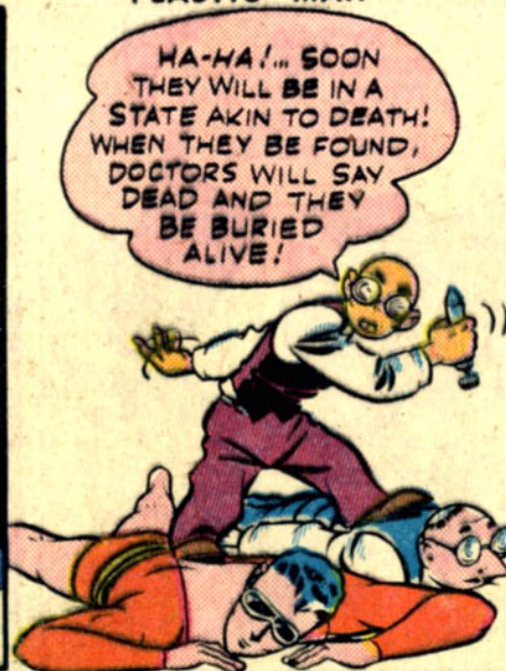


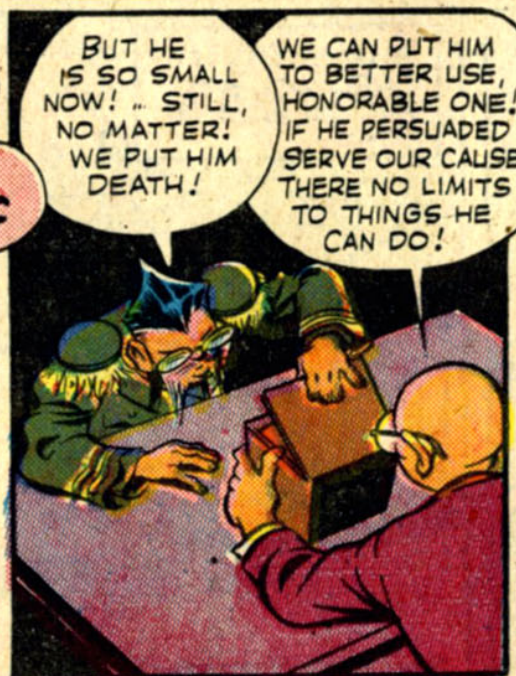
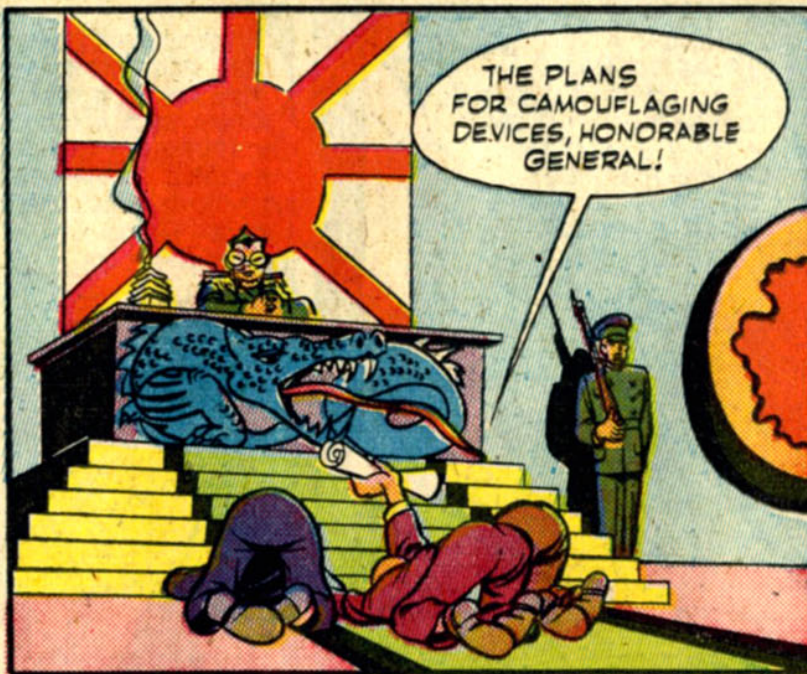
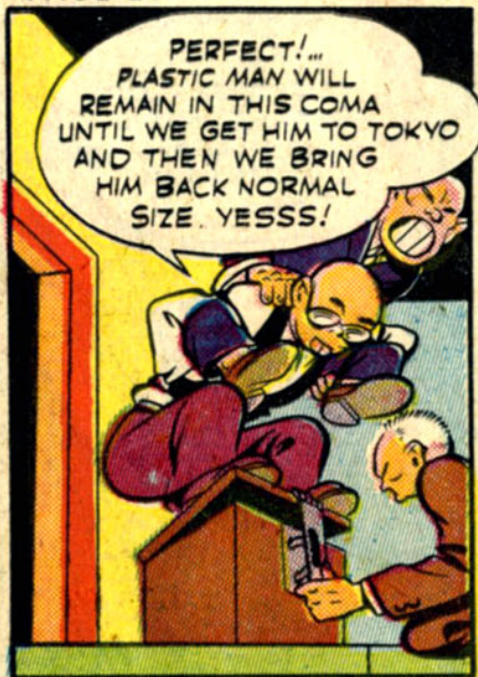






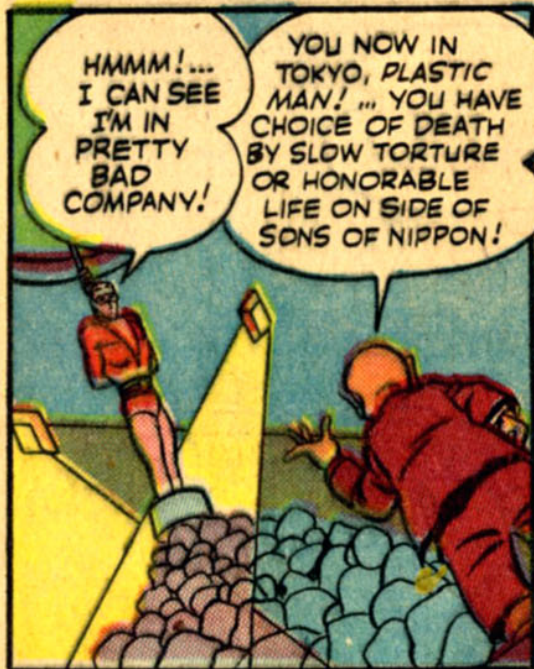
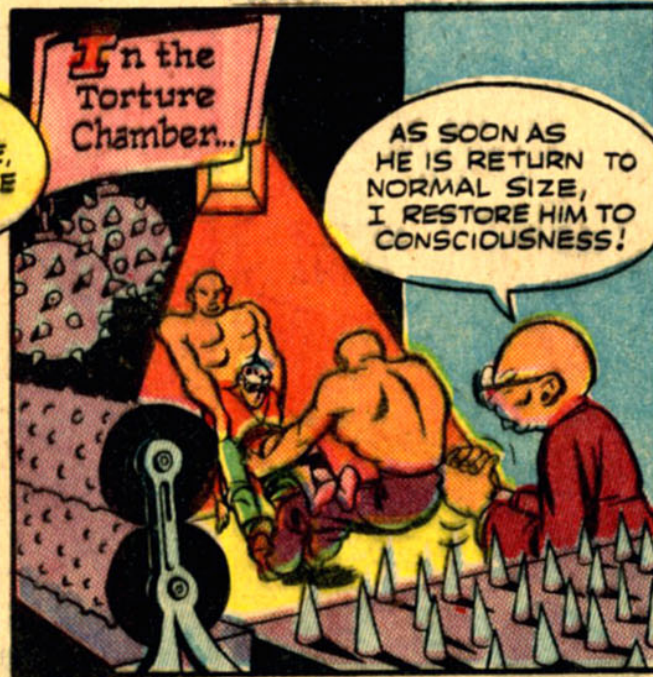




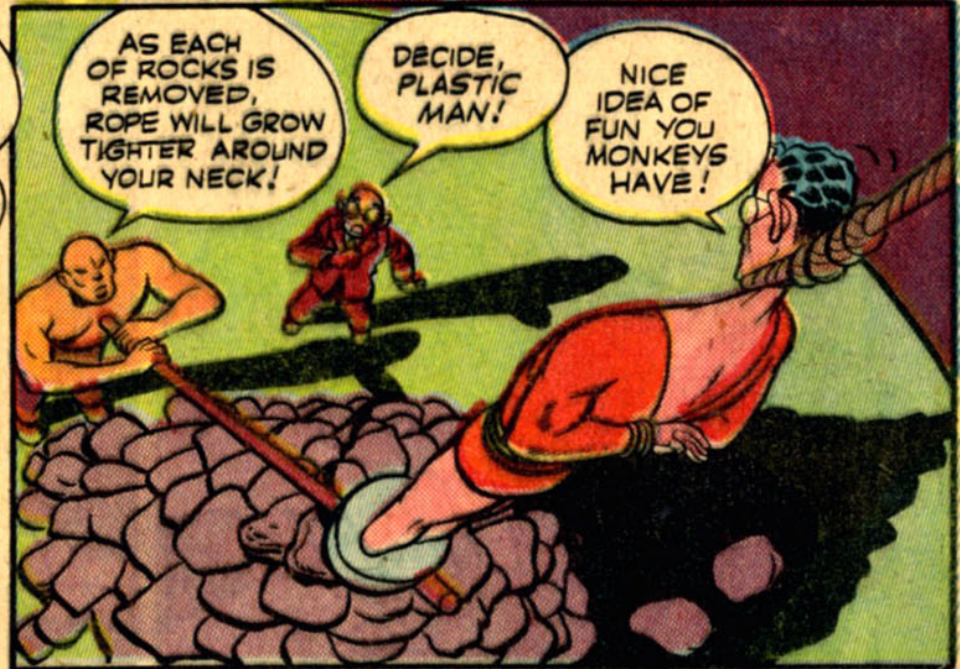




WITH PLEASURE, HONORABLE ONE!



YOU NOW IN TOKYO, PLASTIC MAN! ... YOU HAVE CHOICE OF DEATH BY SLOW TORTURE OR HONORABLE LIFE ON SIDE OF SONS OF NIPPON!

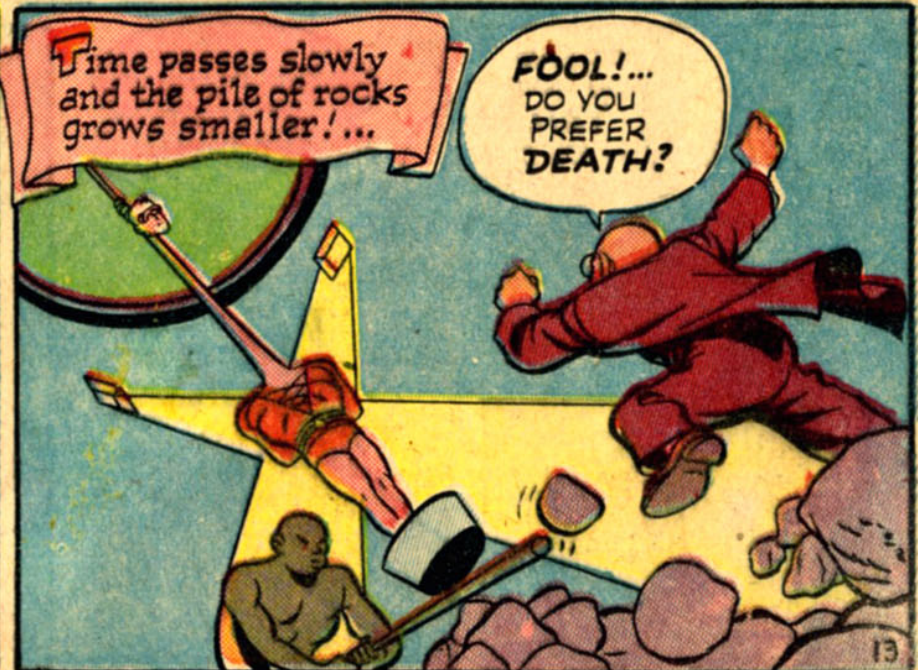


DECIDE, PLASTIC MAN!

NICE IDEA OF FUN YOU MONKEYS HAVE!

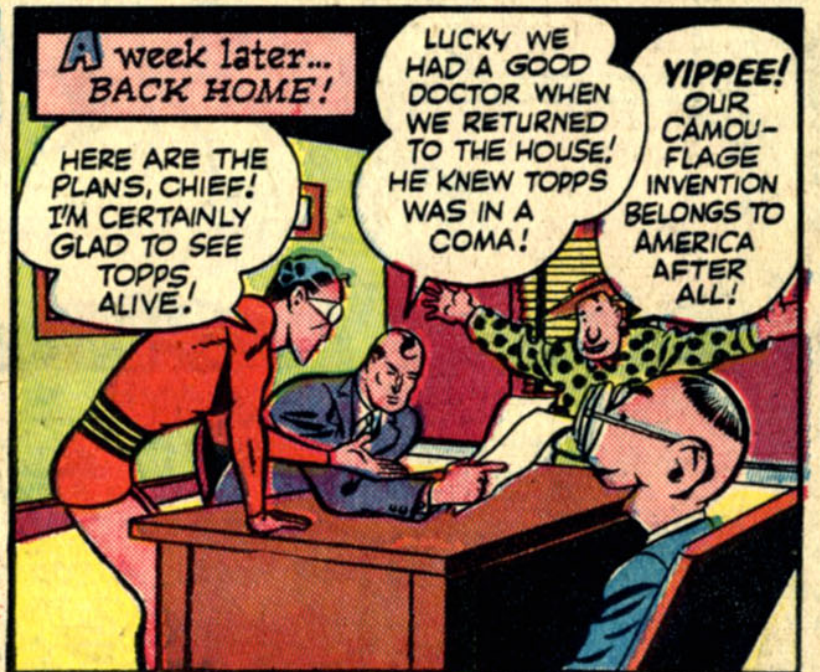
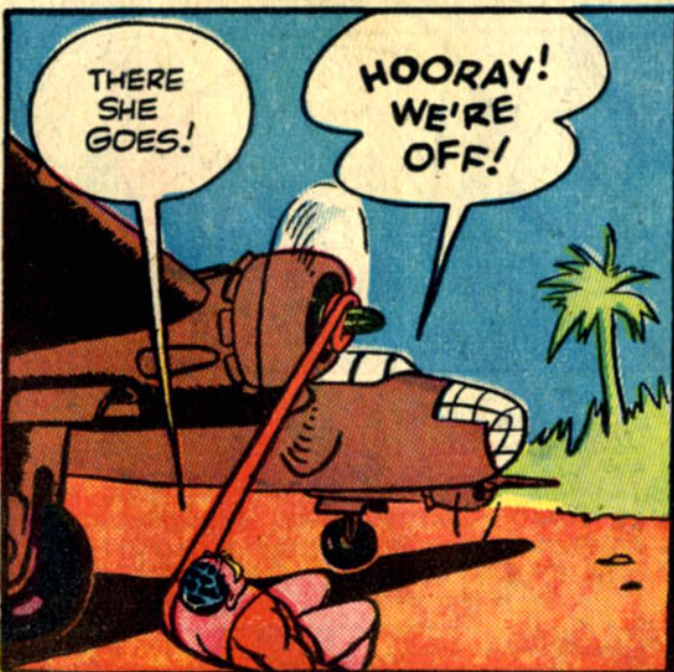
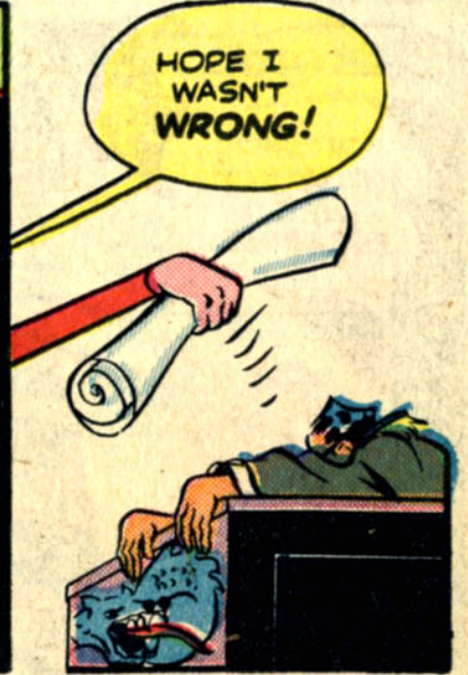


THE CAUSE OF RATS!



Time passes slowly and the pile of rocks grows smaller!...







by
JACK
COLE

THIS IS NOT A PRETTY STORY!... ONE CAN HARDLY WRITE ABOUT THE UGLY ORPHAN, WILLIE M'GOON, IN HAPPY PHRASES... FOR POOR WILLIE- "THE GOON" TO HIS CLASSMATES- LIVED IN CONSTANT GRIEF!!... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND STILL IN GRADE SCHOOL, HE WAS DERIDED FOR HIS IGNORANCE- THE TARGET OF EVERY MEAN TRICK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!! THOUGH STRONG AS A LION, WILLIE HAD NO TASTE FOR REVENGE!... HIS ONLY DESIRE IN LIFE WAS TO FIND, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, A FRIEND..... JUST ONE FRIEND!!! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS SIMPLE AMBITION IS REALIZED, CREATES THE MOST ASTOUNDING CASE IN THE CAREER OF

PLASTIC MAN!!!

EVERY DAY IS THE SAME TO WILLIE M'GOON. THE SNEERS OF ADULTS... THE JEERS OF CHILDREN!! HAVING THE BODY OF A MAN AND THE MIND OF A CHILD, HE IS REJECTED BY BOTH—AN OUTCAST OF SOCIETY!!

HA! HA!! THERE GOES THE GOON AGAIN!... ON THE RUN AS USUAL!!

WHY DOESN'T HE STAND AND FIGHT?

YELLOW IS THE WORD!

YELLOW? NOT WILLIE! HE JUST COULDN'T HARM HIS FELLOW MAN!

'TAINT THEIR FAULT.... IT'S MUH UGLY FACE!! I-I DON'T BLAME THEM FER HATIN' ME!!

BUT EACH NIGHT IN HIS DINGY ROOM HE HOPED...

MEBBE TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFRUNT!... THEY CAN'T HATE ME FEREVER..... I HOPE!

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

Sssr! HERE HE COMES!! ALL SET?

PAPER! READ ALL 'BOUT IT!

READY!

HI, THERE, GOONIE, OLE KID!!

'LO, FELLERS! WHUTCHA DOIN'??

OH, JUST PLAYIN' VIGILANTE! WANNA GET IN ON THE FUN?

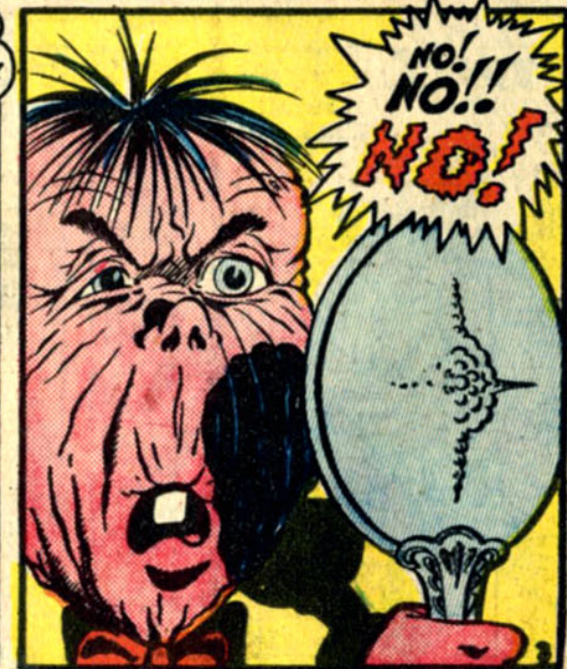
GORSH. THANKS! BUT MEBBE I'D BEST FINISH MUH PAPERS!

AW, GEE... AN' WE WANTED TO GIVE YOU A GENUINE LYNCHIN'!

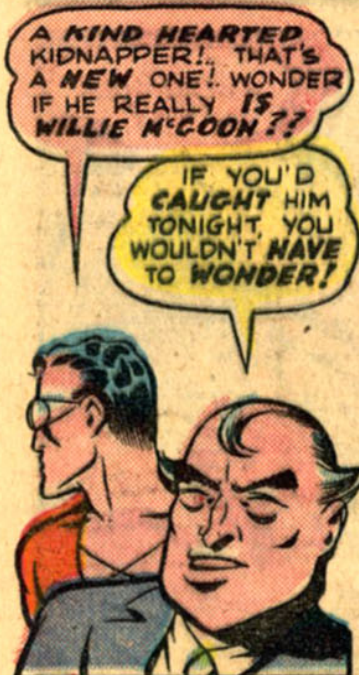
YUH MEAN IT?? WITH ICE CREAM?

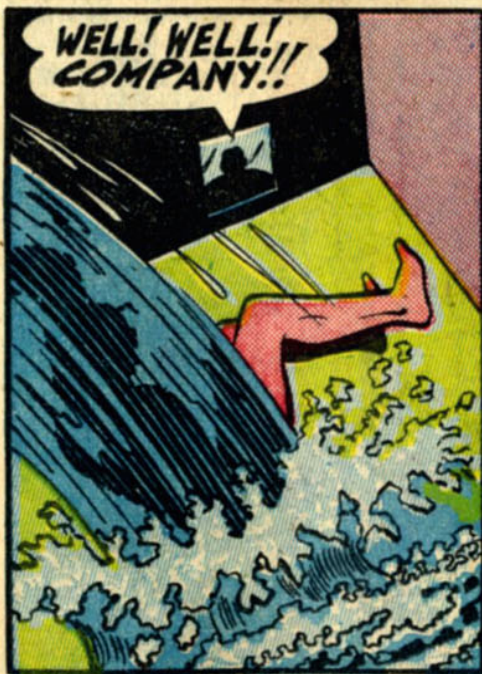
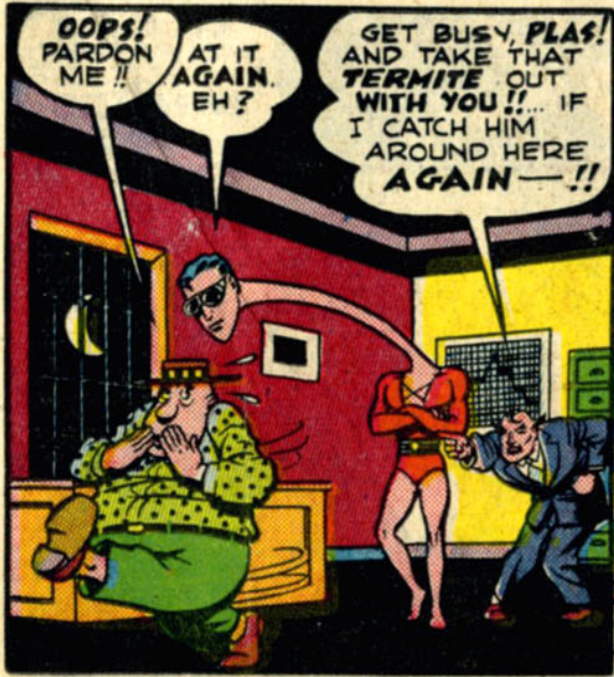
NOT LUNCH—LYNCH! YOU KNOW—

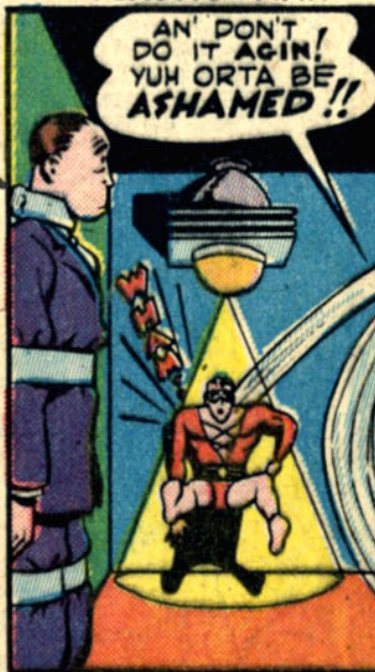
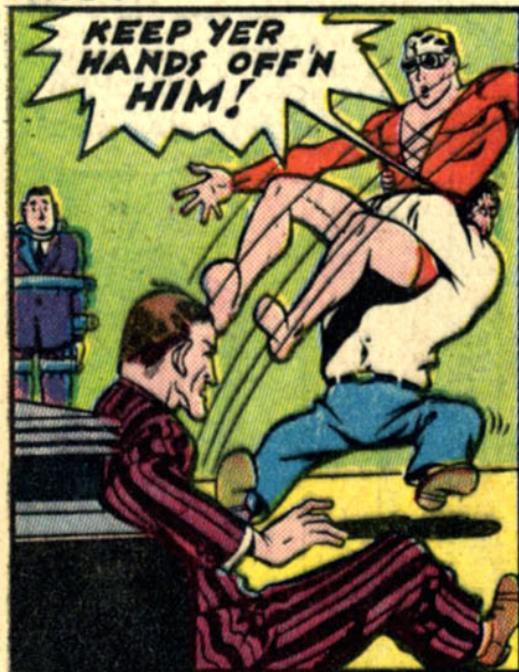














PERFESSOR, SEZ IT'S FER THUH GOOD O' HOOMANITY!... HE'S FIXIN' A GAS WHAT'LL MAKE ALL FOLKS GOOD! HE NEEDS PEOPLE T' SPERIMENT ON AN' THAS WHY I'M HELPIN' 'IM... IT'S MUH DOOTY! HE'S GONNA SAVE TH' WORLD!



THEN WHY IS HE ASKING MONEY FOR THEIR RELEASE? **HE AINT!**

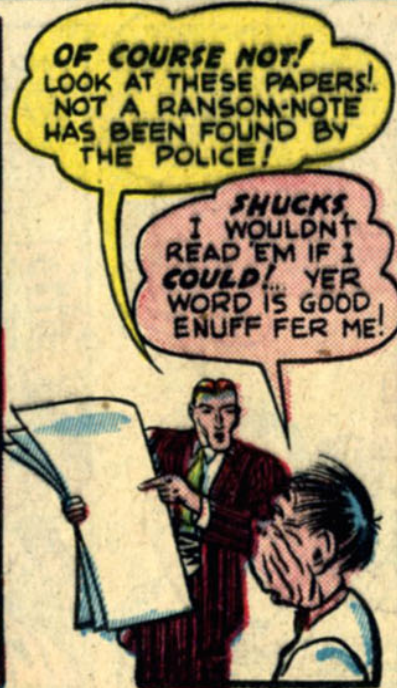
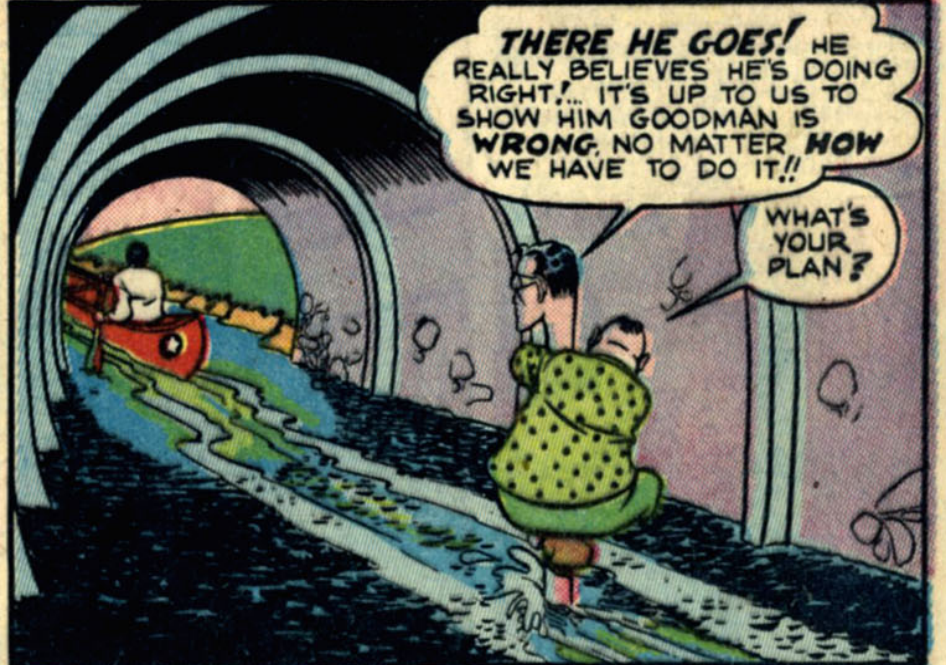
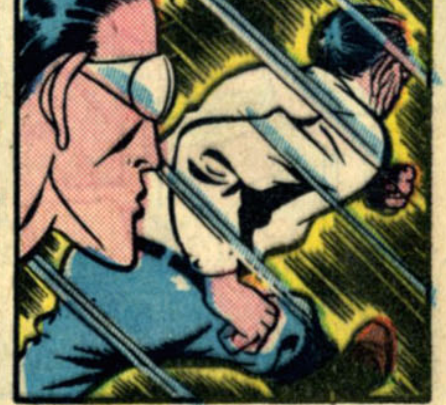
BUT HE IS! **YER LYIN!**

DID YOU ASK 'IM? **NO, BUT—**



THEN WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT? HE'S TRICKING YOU INTO A LIFE OF CRIME!

TAINT SO! AN' JUS T'PROVE IT, I'LL GO AN' ASK 'IM RIGHT NOW!!





AND HOW WELL I PLANNED IT!...IT WAS EASY TRICKING **STUPID WILLIE** INTO KIDNAPPING VICTIMS FOR ME! **HA HA!** IF HE ONLY KNEW THE **REAL PURPOSE** BEHIND IT ALL!...I FORCED THEM TO OPERATE MY **SUPER BORING MACHINE**...THEY'VE DRILLED **FIFTY FIVE MILES DOWN INTO THE EARTH!!** THAT **RUMBLE** MEANS THEY'VE HIT **MOLTEN LAVA!** ALL BUT TONIGHT'S VICTIM ARE **DEAD!**



WHEN WILLIE OPENS THE FLOOD GATE, THE **ENTIRE CITY** WILL BE BURIED BENEATH **THE WORLD'S FIRST MAN-MADE VOLCANO !!!**



WELL, HERE'S WISHING YOU GENTLEMEN A **PLEASANT DEATH!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER:...



TIME'S UP!... RECKON THIS IS TH' WHEEL HE MEANT!

IT-IT'S HOPELESS!... CAN'T EVEN **BUDGE!** IF ONLY I COULD **STOP WILLIE!!**

THAT GLUE HAS BOUND ME UP LIKE A **POPCORN BALL!!**



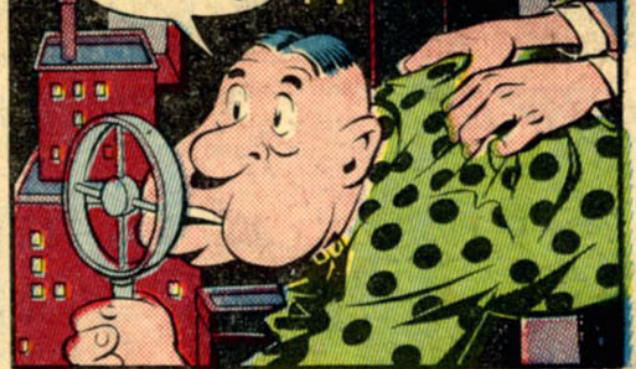
MEANWHILE, WOOLLY IS STILL AT IT.....

...AND NOW I'LL IMITATE **CHARLES LAUGHTON:**

FOR THE **LAST TIME: HAND OVER THAT MIKE!**



MISSSTER CHRISTIAN!—
HUH??



JUMPIN' JEES!!
FOLKS, A VOLCANO !!
HAS JUST ERUPTED!!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!



AND BACK WITH WILLIE:

S-SUMTHIN'S
WRONG!! I-
BETTER SHUT
IT OFF!!

TH- THERE... IT'S
STOPPED!... OH... THIS
HEAT!... GOTTA GET
THUH PERFESSOR...
GOTTA SAVE 'IM!!

**PERFESSOR
GOODMAN!!
WHERE ARE YUH??
GONE!!
HE'S BIN BURIED
ALIVE!!!**

*** SOD * THUH KINDEST
MAN THAT EVER LIVED...
MUH ONLY FRIEND!!
DEAD!! * SOD *
HE GAVE HIS LIFE
TRYIN' TUH SAVE!!
HOOMANITY..**

BETTER
GET THESE
FELLERS
OUT!

THEY'LL BE SAFE
THERE!... MUST GET
TO THUH TUNNEL!
WANT T'BE ALONE!

LATER, IN THE TUNNEL HIDEOUT

LET'S SEE...GUESS I'M
ALL PACKED! HA HA!
THE CITY'S PROBABLY
HALF BURIED IN
LAVA BY NOW!

WHEN I THINK OF HOW
THAT **STUPID COON**
FELL FOR MY LINE, I
COULD **DIE LAUGHING!!**

НО НО НА НА НА НА

**YOU
LIED.**

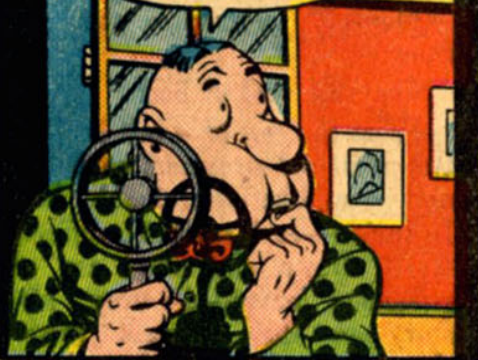
HA HA AAAAAAHHK!!!

YOU LIE!

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS:

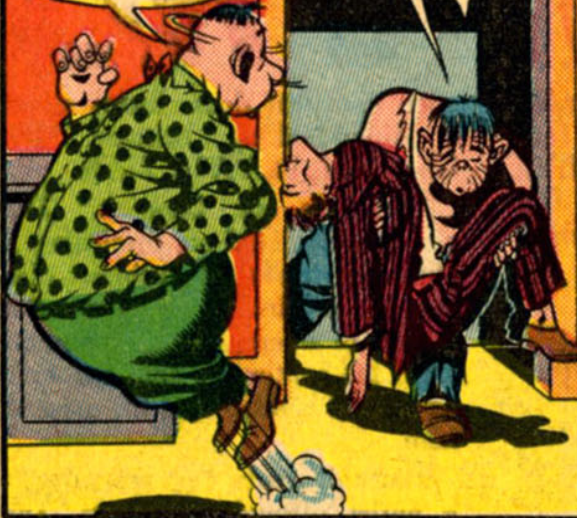
...AND AS THE LAST EMBER DIES, THE CITY IS SAVED!... THIS EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY **WOODY WINKS** RADIO'S **NEWEST STAR!**

OKAY, MIKE TAKE OVER...!?? HE'S GONE!

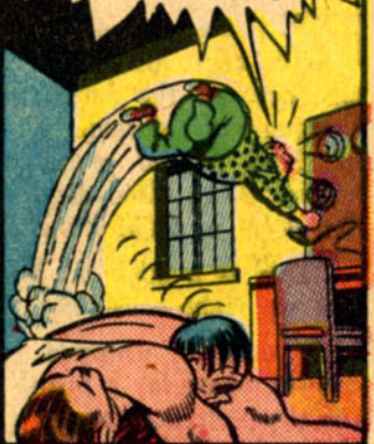


GEE, THE PLACE IS DESERTED! GUESS ALL THE BOYS ARE OUT TO — ???

I-I JES **KILLED** THIS MAN!



CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!! I'VE CAPTURED THE **KIDNAPPERS** — **BARE HANDED!!** **COME QUICK!!** I'M HOLDING THEM AT **BAY!!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER:

GREAT NEWS, WILLIE! YOU'VE BEEN **COMPLETELY EXONERATED!** AND THE DOCTOR SAYS HE CAN FIX YOUR FACE LIKE **NEW!** ISN'T THAT **SWELL??**

Y-YES... I GUESS SO



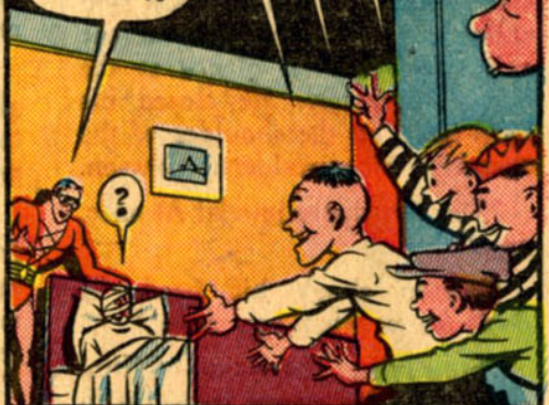
STILL BROODING OVER THE PROFESSOR, EH? I CAN HARDLY BLAME YOU... IT WAS THE LOWEST TRICK A MAN EVER PULLED!

AN' I THOT I HAD A **FRIEND!**



SURPRISE!!

YOU **HAVE**, WILLIE — PLENTY OF THEM!!



HAVE SOME MORE ICE CREAM, WILLIE!

WE BROUGHT YOU SOME **COMIC BOOKS!**

AN CAKE?

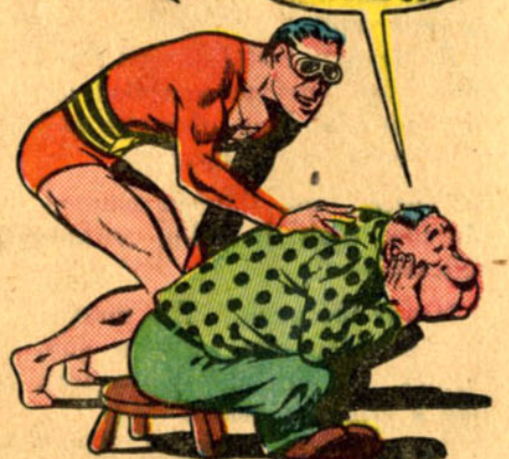
YOU GOTTA GET WELL QUICK, WILLIE! YOU'LL MAKE A **FWELL** QUARTERBACK ON OUR FOOT-BALL TEAM!

GORSH, FELLERS... JUS' CALL ME, **GOON!**



WHAT'S EATING YOU, WOODY?? TOO MANY **SWEETS??**

AW, I JUST FOUND OUT O'RILEY CUT ME OFF THE AIR DURING MY BROADCAST!... I TALKED **TWO SOLID HOURS** INTO A **DEAD MIKE!!**



PLASTIC NEMESIS

FOUR big closed cars, loaded with men, arrived at the four entrances to the Langford Trust Company at the same instant. Out of them poured masked, armed figures. They filled the lobby and the offices in a twinkling.

"This is a stickup! Employees line up right—customers left!"

A cashier whipped open a drawer where lay a pistol—one of the thugs fired a tommy gun, and the cashier subsided. A customer reached for a telephone—another thug leaned over to swing a blackjack, and the customer fell.

The gangsters, working furiously but with amazing discipline, stripped tills, drawers and floor safes of money. But the tall, sinewy man in full-face mask who seemed to be commander of the raid did not even glance at the heaps of money. He closed his hard hand on the shoulder of the executive vice-president, Dawson.

"The Kimripore jewels! At once, or—"

Dawson shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"Stop lying. The Rajah of Kimripore sent his crown treasures to America, as security for a loan of millions. Plastic Man and that little screwball Woozy Winks brought them overseas—don't you think the underworld heard how they smashed six attempts to steal the jewels? And we know they're in your vaults."

He thrust a pistol against Dawson's ribs. The vice-president led him down a flight of stairs and unlocked a barred door.

"There," and Dawson pointed. "In that vault. In a big cowhide suitcase—"

"Open the vault." The masked man prodded him with the gun. "Quick, or I'll make you look like a cribbage board!"

Dawson spun the dial, pulled

open the great door. Inside stood a dingy-looking suitcase. It's label said PLASTIC MAN.

"Bring it out. Open it." The vice-president did so, disclosing a glittering mass of rubies, diamonds, amethysts, emeralds—the ransom of an emperor. At a motion from his captor, he shut the case again and handed it to the masked man.

His only reply and reward was a bullet through the heart. The raider chief hurried upstairs.

"Clear out!" he barked at his men. They sped out to their cars and away. The entire raid had taken less than ninety seconds.

"Cops Coming?" asked the driver of the biggest car as he headed his vehicle for the suburbs.

The thug in the seat beside him glanced back. "Yeah! But they took after the other boys. Left us alone."

"I fixed that," spoke the leader, from between his two companions in the rear. He had taken off his mask, revealing the sharp, shrewd features of Bronty Breen, current Public Enemy No. 1. "Just before we went in, I called police and FBI offices. Said the Langford Trust was being raided—and told which way the other three cars would head."

"Police!" echoed his companions. "FBI! And you tipped them off right?"

"Sure. While they're busy scooping up the others, we get clear away. And," Bronty's toe tapped the suitcase. "only five of us left to split the jewels, huh?"

He grinned, but nobody grinned back. A lieutenant gazed from the rear of the car. "If you called FBI, Bronty, that brings Plastic Man into the case!"

Bronty shuddered, but shrugged it off. "Not a chance! He's on

leave of absence, after bringing these jewels from Kimripore—"

"Look!" interrupted the other thug.

They all looked back.

From the top of a tall building two great red streamers darted out and down, like interminable, deadly snakes—each toward a different street. Down and down the red streamers extended—story after story—to the sidewalk level—there came a sound of crash and commotion.

"That was PLASTIC MAN!" breathed one of the five. "He reached down with both arms—snagged TWO OF THE CARS AT ONCE!"

"Speed up," growled Bronty to the driver. "We're blowing town."

PLASTIC MAN, gaunt, crimson-clad, enigmatic behind his dark goggles, sat in a little cellar room of FBI headquarters. Woozy, pudgy and deceptively dull-faced, lounged beside him. Opposite them was one of the captured thugs.

"I ain't talking," the thug said for the hundredth time, "and you FBI jerks ain't gonna batter me into it."

"Who said anything about battering?" inquired Plastic Man silkily. "I wouldn't lay a finger on you."

He wagged a finger to emphasize. The finger grew a yard long for a moment, then subsided.

"He don't scare easy Plas," offered Woozy. "I knew him back when I was outside the law. Kittens, they called him—because nothing scares him but a cat—"

"So?" muttered Plastic, and smiled. His hand lifted to his face, swept across it. His body seemed to grow plumper and at the same time lithier. His legs doubled strangely, the feet were paws. His ears turned pointy, whiskers were plainly sprouting—

"Get away from me!" Kittens suddenly quavered.

Plastic Man was Plastic Man no more. The lithe, furry creature he had become jumped gracefully down from the chair and strolled forward toward the captive. "Meow?" it said.

"Get that cat out of here!" begged Kittens, cowering. "Listen, I'll tell anything—it was Bronty Breen who planned the raid——"

"Where did he go with the jewels?" demanded Woozy.

"I don't know—I swear I don't!" We were directed to head east—the other two carloads you and the cops grabbed went west and south—but Bronty's car had its own orders——"

"Which means it went north," said Plastic Man, who had become himself again with a little wriggle and a rubbery snap. "Tell the turnkey to put him away, Woozy. We're going north ourselves."

Bronty Breen's hideout had been prepared months before. It looked no more than a half-ruined shack among trees at the end of a country road, but this was only a modest topping to a vast underground lair, strongly fortified, stocked with provisions and weapons, with at least three secret entrances.

In the main cellar-room, Bronty and his four surviving thugs gathered around the open suitcase.

"Look at them pretty gimmicks!" exulted Potsy, the driver, picking up a ruby as big as a walnut. "What a game of marbles a guy could play with them! And we divide five ways."

"Not that simple, Potsy," said his chief quietly.

"Why, there's five of us——"

"And four of you are only stooges. I'm boss, I get eighty percent. You others, five percent each."

"I'm satisfied," nodded one thug. "After all, we picked up plenty of cash in the Langford Trust. I got a pocketful."

"I'm not satisfied," growled Potsy, and a gun came out from under his coat. "If——"

A buzzer sounded somewhere above.

"The electric-eye signal," snapped Bronty. "Somebody's prowling around. Two of you—Potsy, you and Banjo—slide out among the trees and hook in whoever it is. Quick!"

The two designated slipped away down a tunnel, up through a hidden burrow and away among the trees. The three thugs who waited soon heard a knock at the upper door. Bronty, covered by tommy guns in the hands of his lieutenants, opened. Potsy stood there, with a prisoner bound and crestfallen—a pudgy, dull-faced prisoner——

"That's Woozy, Plastic Man's sidekick!" exclaimed Bronty.

"I know," Potsy nodded. "We found him nosing around. Banjo's out there, trying to sneak up on Plastic Man."

"That's more than a one-man job," said Bronty. "Go back, Potsy, and take Spike here with you."

The two men left, and Bronty faced the captive. "How did you track us, Woozy?"

"As soon as we knew you'd gone north, we just studied the marks of tire-treads," replied the little fellow. "The other cars all had new black market tires, same brand—so we figured you'd have 'em, too. And we followed you here."

"Woozy," said Bronty, "you weren't always a dope. Forget the law and Plastic Man. Help us snare and finish him. I'll cut you in on the Kimripore jewels——"

A knock. Banjo was back.

"We got Plastic Man!" he cried. "Those new explosive bullets did the trick! And Potsy and Spike are burying him!"

Bronty faced the worried Woozy. "Forget what I said. We don't need you now."

"No cut of the jewels?" suggested Woozy.

"The only cut you get is across the throat," said Bronty. "Bring him downstairs."

In the room with the jewels, Bronty nodded to Banjo. "Finish

him, quick . . . Hey, what—you're CHANGING!"

"I've been changing all day," said Banjo, who ran a hand over his face, twitched out of his garments and stood up as Plastic Man. "First I captured Potsy and Banjo and came back as Potsy. Then I grabbed Spike—the FBI boys have him halfway back to town—and came back as Banjo. I wanted to be sure the jewels were safe——"

Bronty drew his gun. Plastic's fist shot halfway across the room, knocking the gang chief sprawling. Then, like a rubber ball, Plastic Man bounded upon the remaining thug.

"Snap that suitcase shut, Woozy, and get it out of here!"

Bronty staggered into one of the hidden passages, shaking his head to clear it. He heard sounds of conflict outside, that died away. He dared peep out.

Everyone was gone—but not everything. An object still lay in the center of the floor——

"The suitcase!" he breathed. "Woozy didn't get it, after all!"

Gun in one hand, he ran to the treasure, lifted it, and slid into another secret passage. He found a door, entered, locked the door behind him. He set down the suitcase, laid his gun on top.

There were no windows, no ventilators, no entrances but the locked door. Plastic Man might follow—surely would follow. But Bronty would be ready. From his pocket he drew a vial of powerful corrosive acid. Carefully he poured it into the keyhole.

"Let him come in," he muttered. "That'll eat him down to the bones, if he has any bones in that rubberized carcass——"

"Isn't this cozy, all alone together?" said a voice he knew.

He whirled and looked at the suitcase on which his gun lay.

The suitcase shook itself, lifted a head. The luggage straps unfolded from around it, became legs. The handle lengthened into an arm, and took the gun in its hand. Plastic Man stood up.

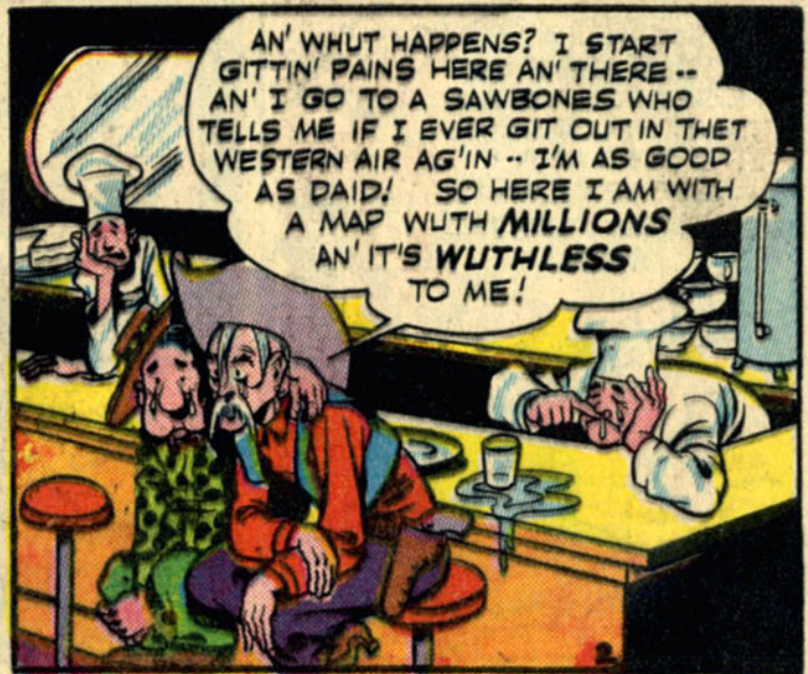
"Just another of my disguises, Bronty," he said.

PLASTIC MAN

ON YOUR
GUARD, DADE!
I **KNOW** HE'S
AROUND HERE,
SOMEWHERE!

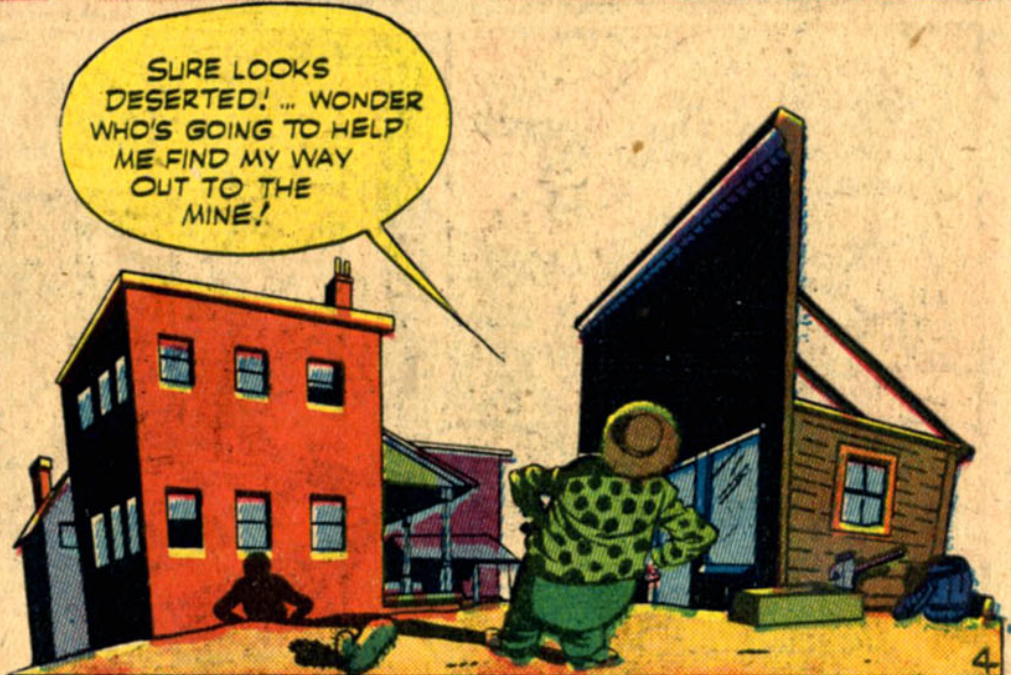
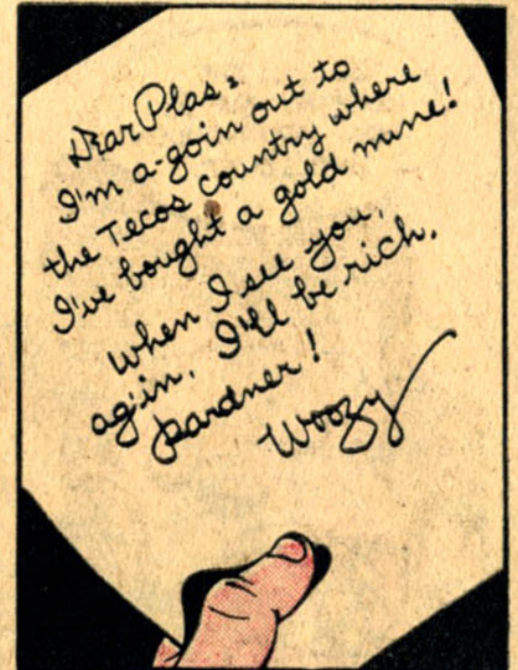
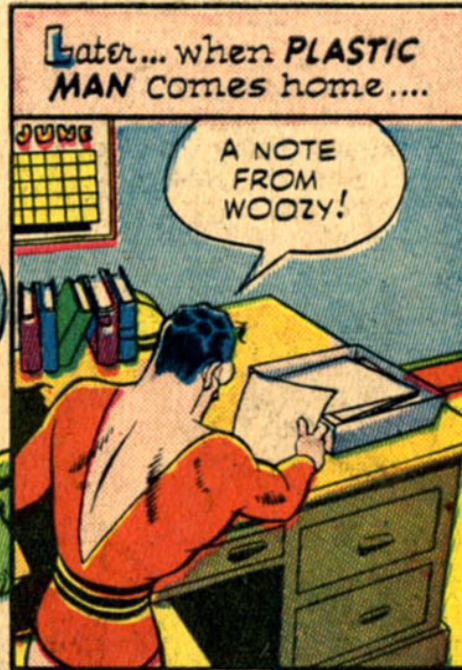


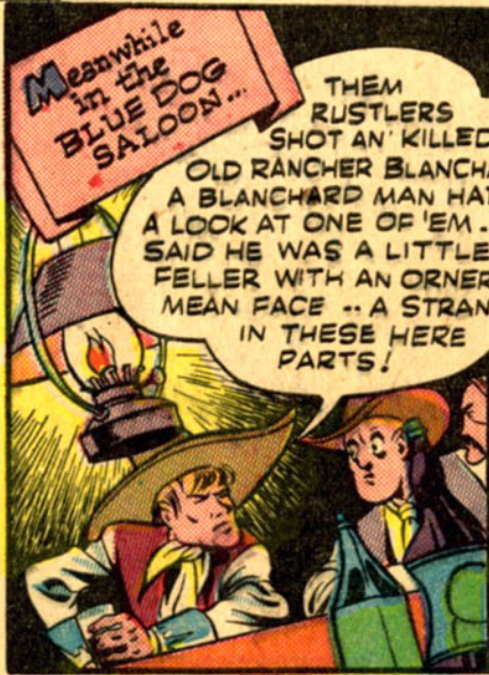
SOMEWHERE WOODY READ
WHAT HORACE GREELEY SAID:
"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST,"
→
(FILL IN YOUR OWN LAST LINE!)



PLASTIC MAN



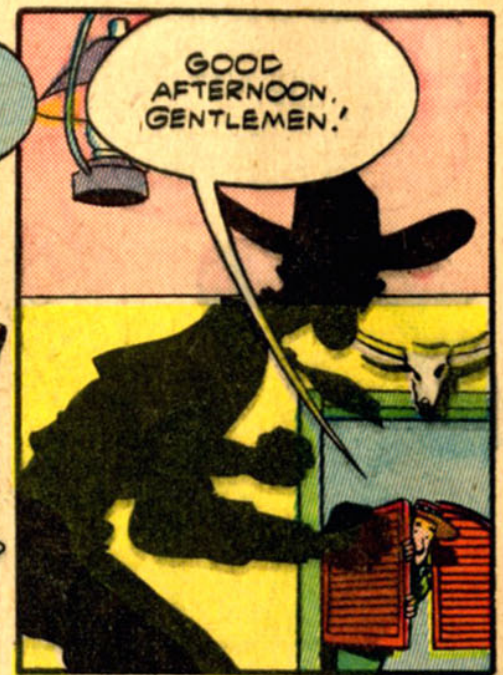




THEM RUSTLERS SHOT AN' KILLED OLD RANCHER BLANCHARD! A BLANCHARD MAN HAD A LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM... SAID HE WAS A LITTLE FELLER WITH AN ORNERY, MEAN FACE -- A STRANGER IN THESE HERE PARTS!



SHORE!... LYNCH 'EM!



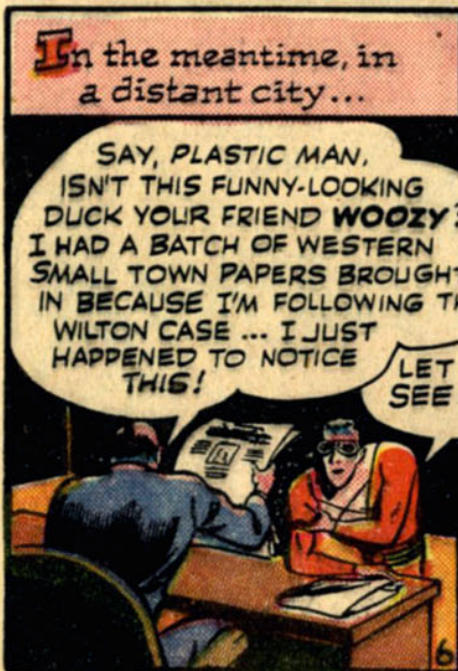
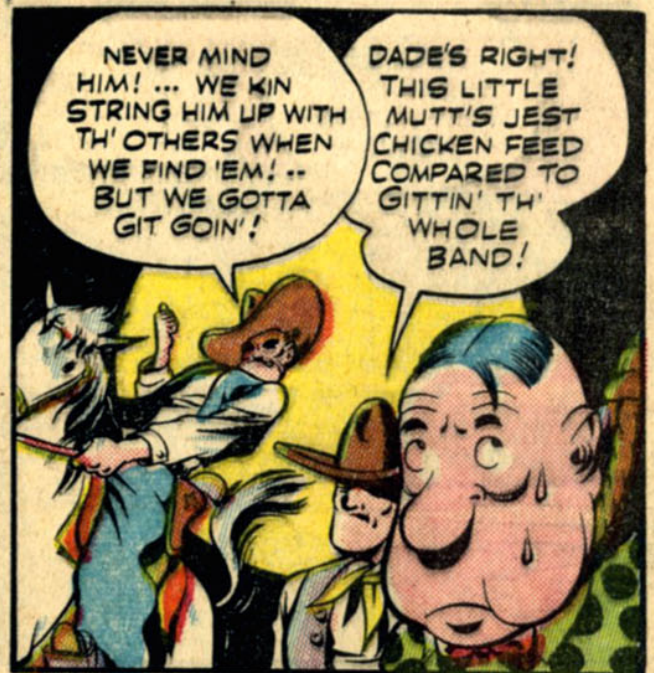
YOU WILL -- AROUND YOUR NECK!

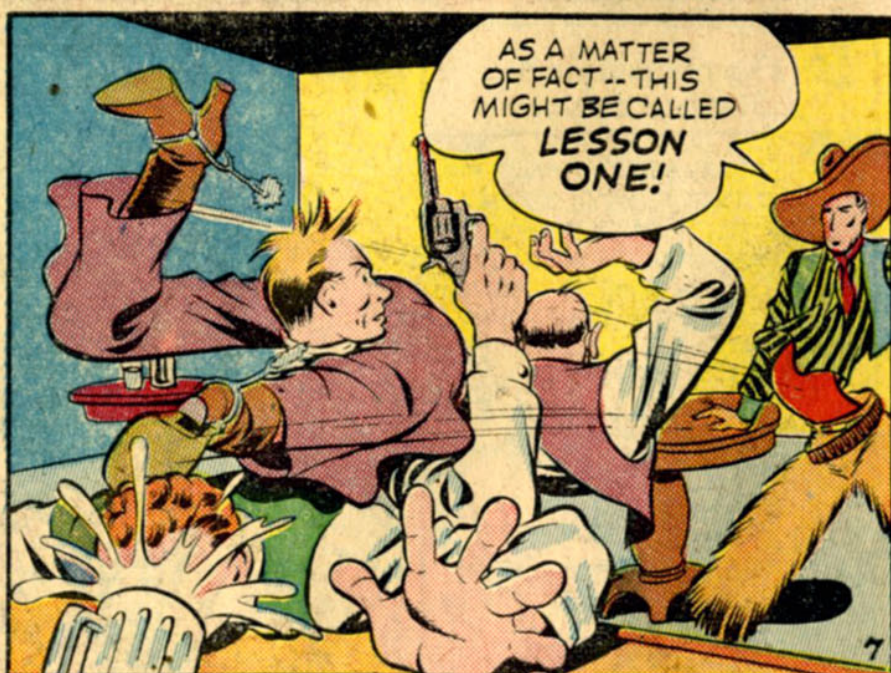
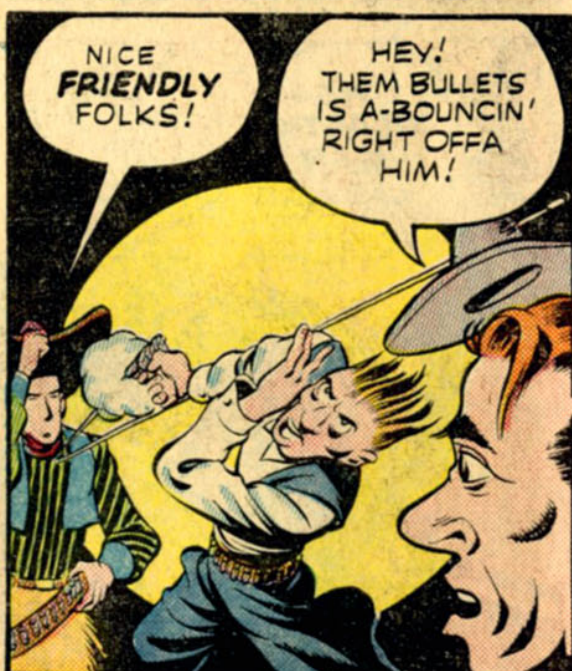
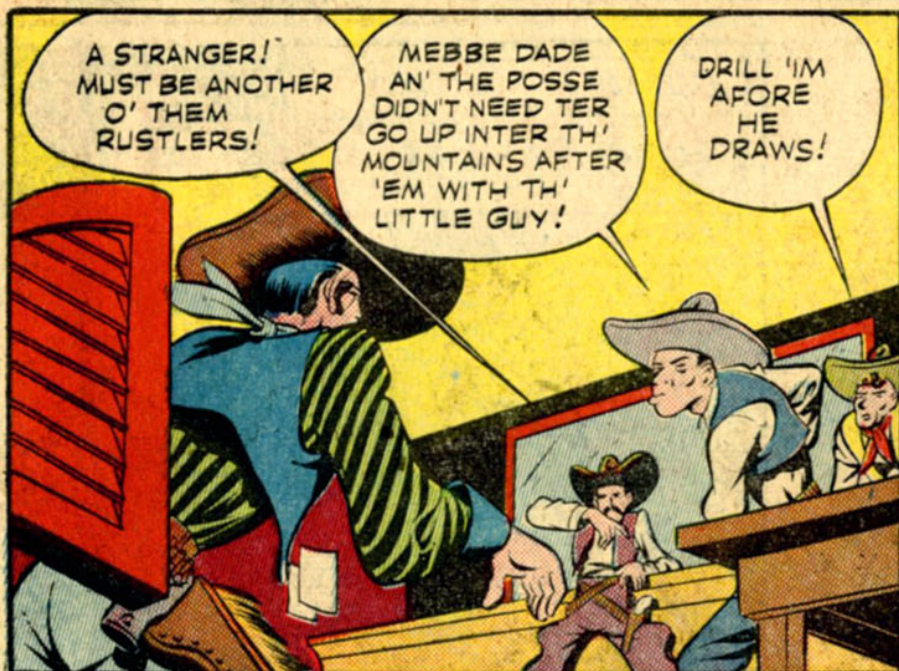
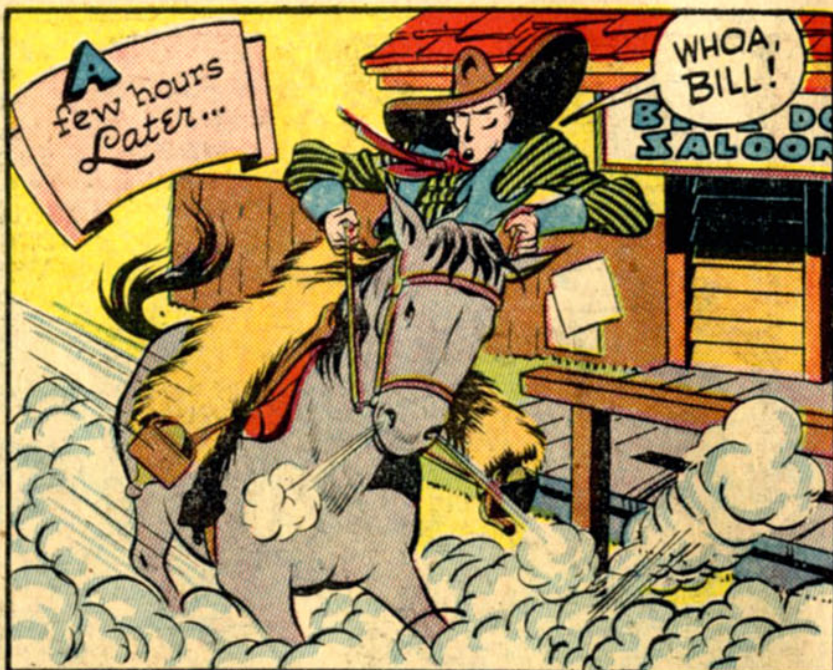
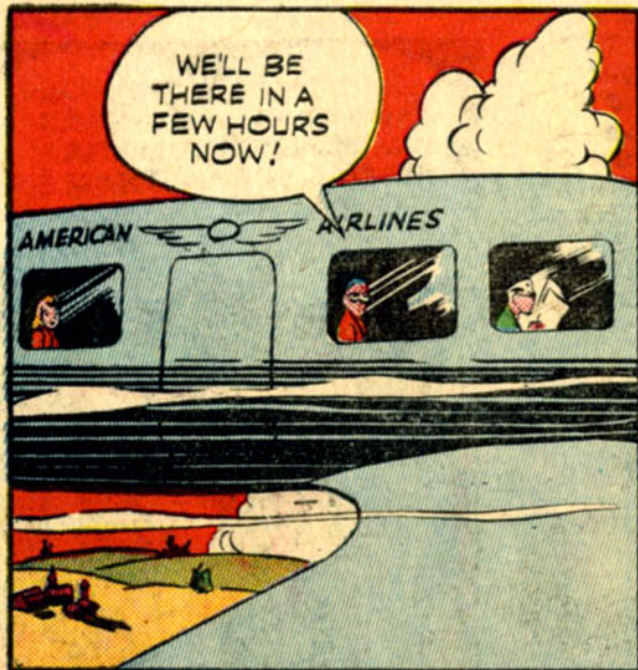


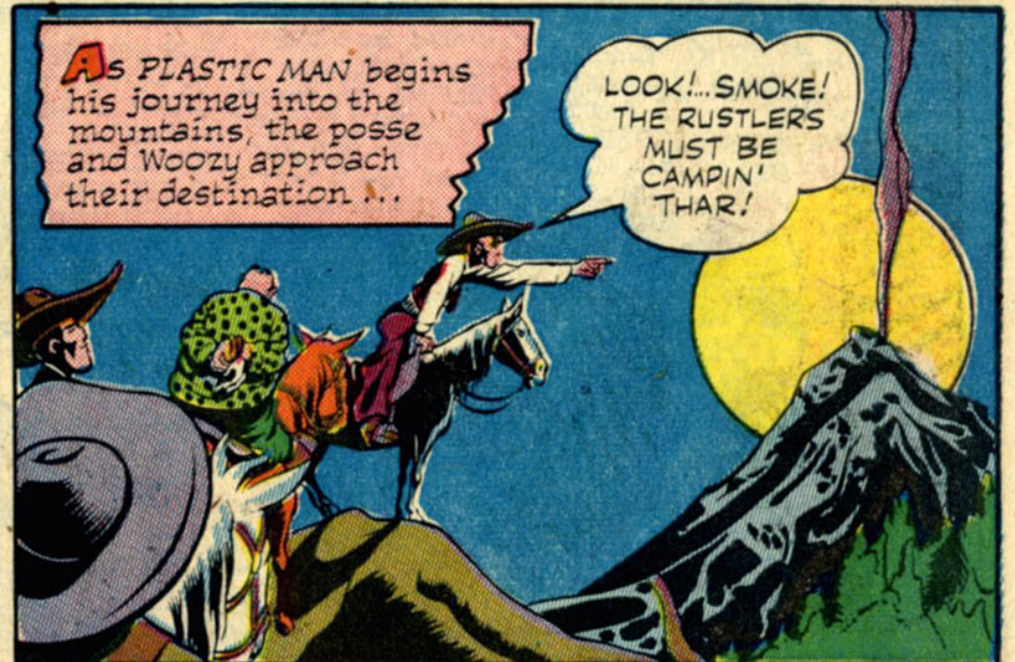
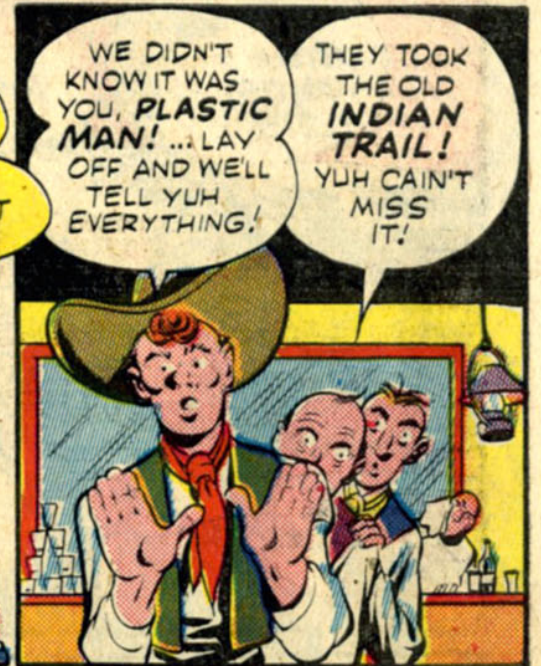
SEZ YOU!... IT'S LEGAL IN TECOS GULCH!

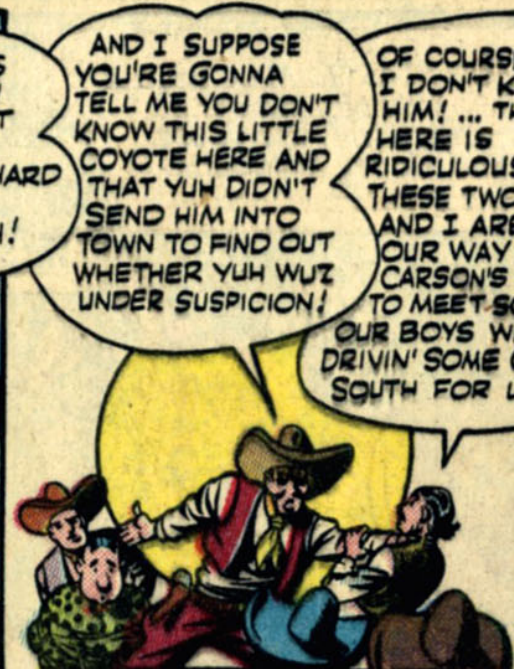


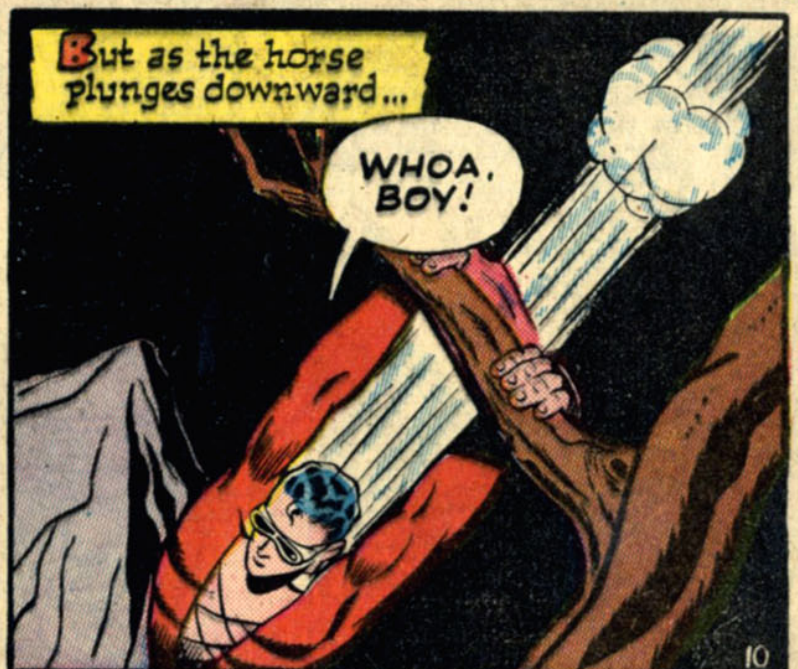
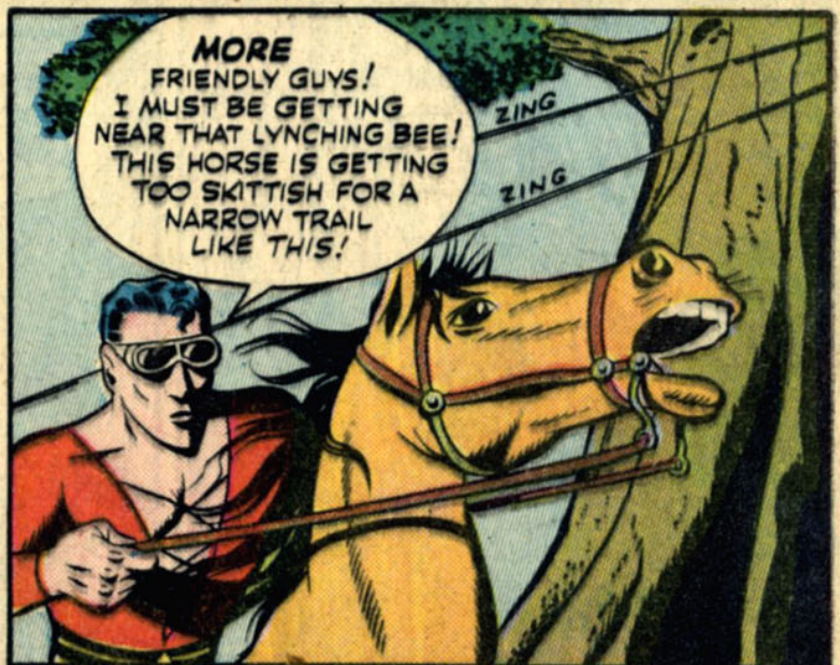
TECOS GAZETTE

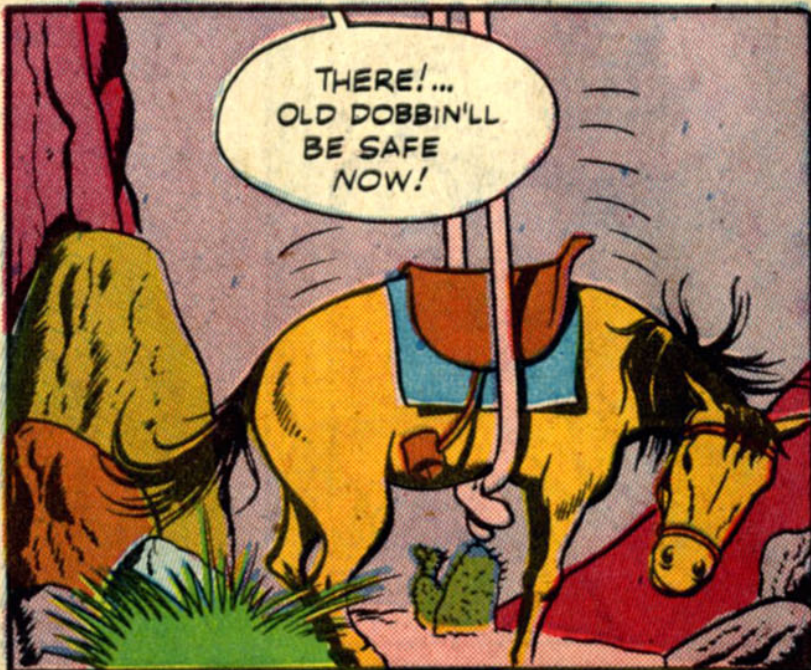
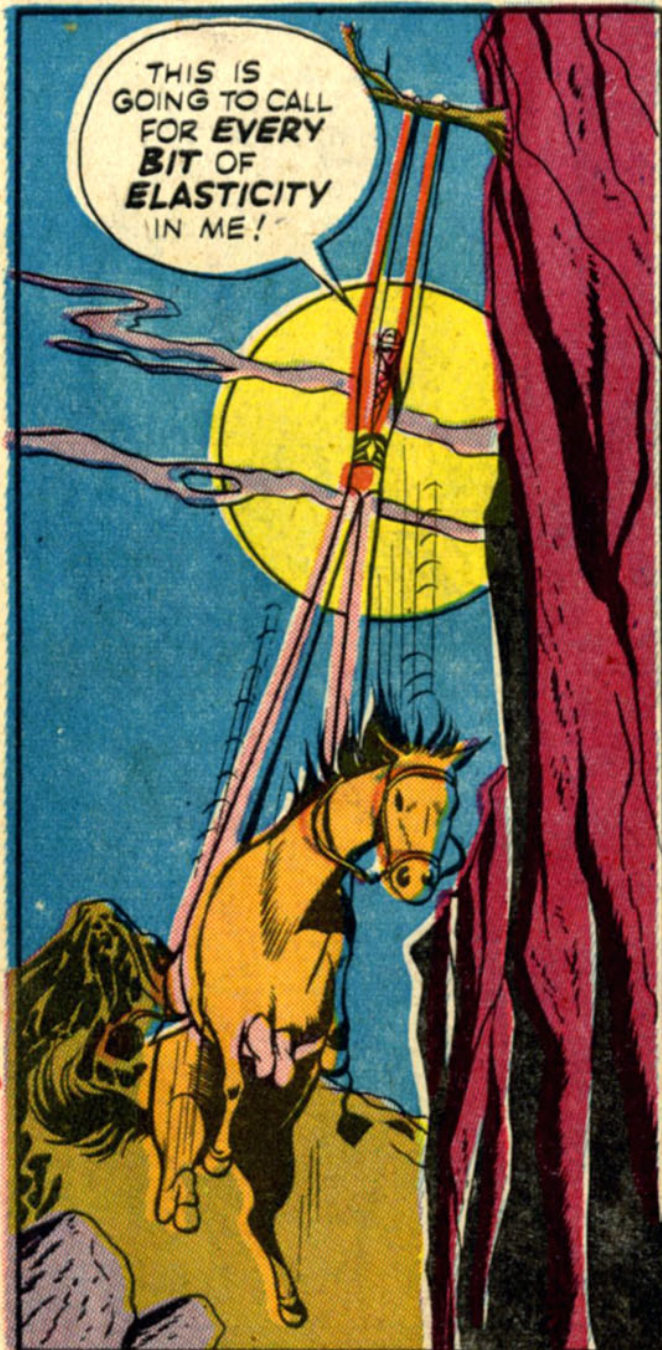


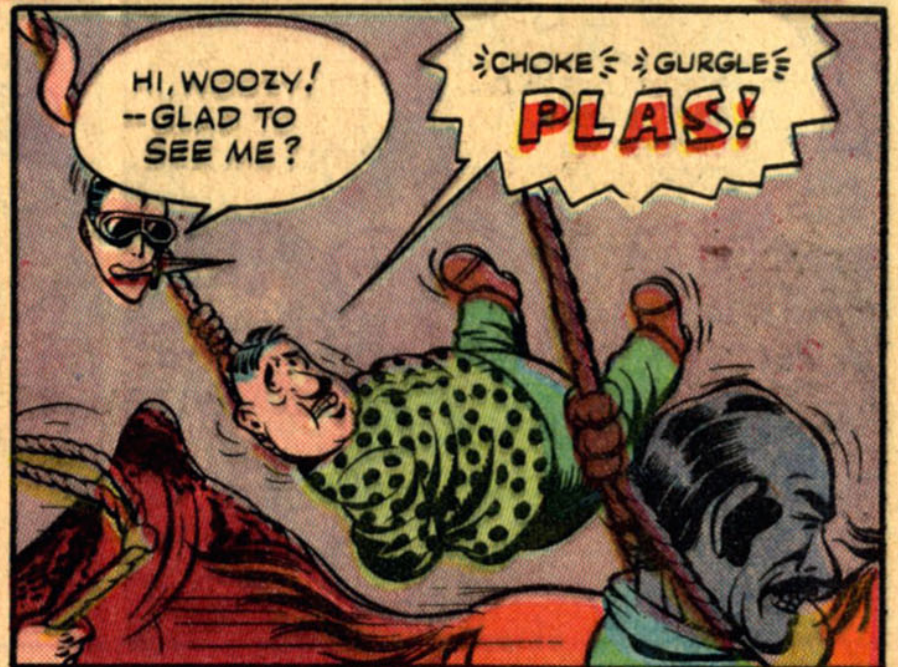
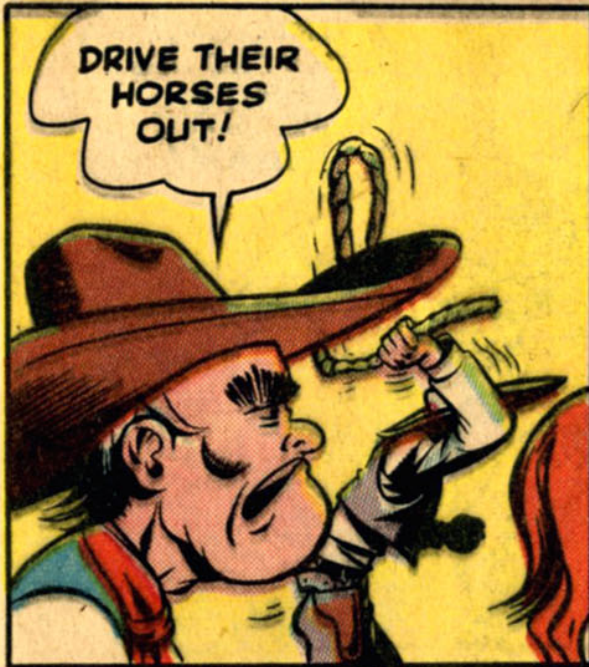


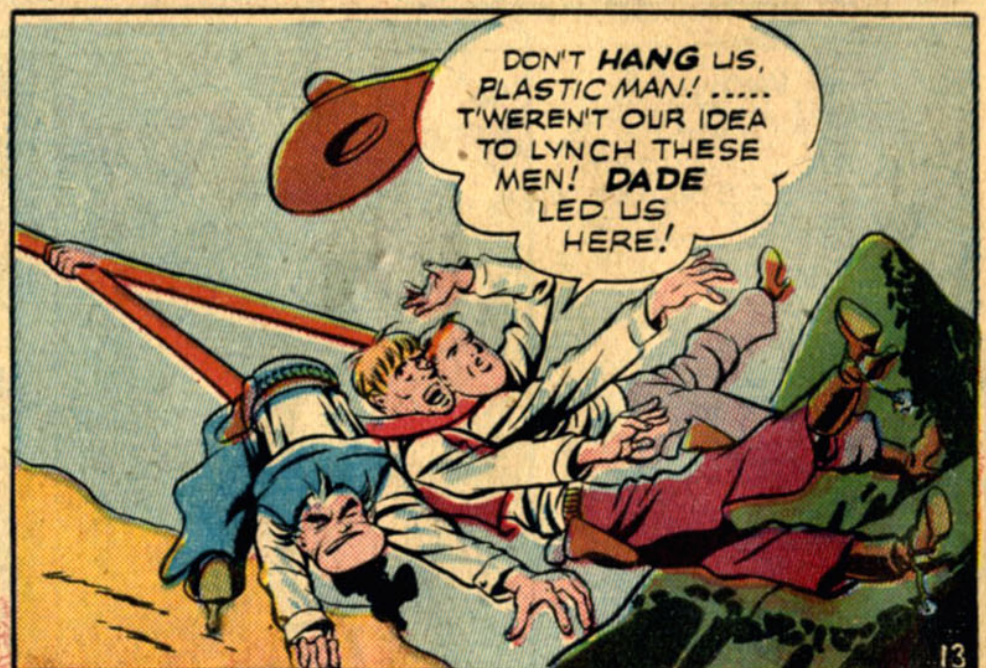
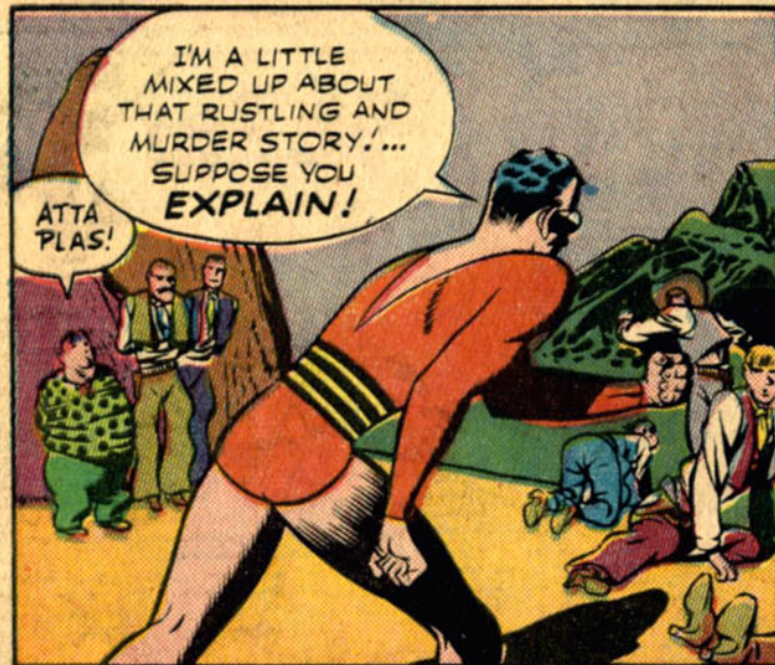


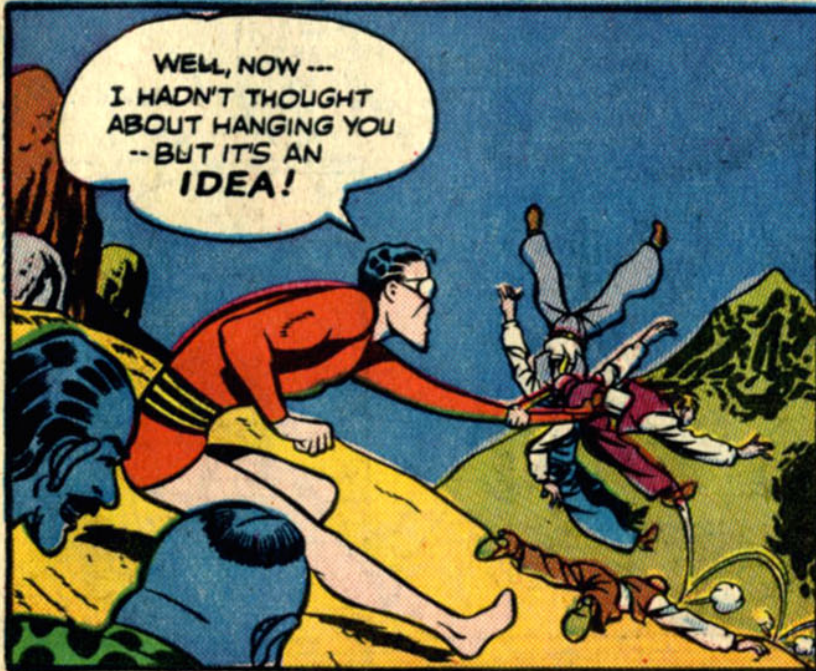


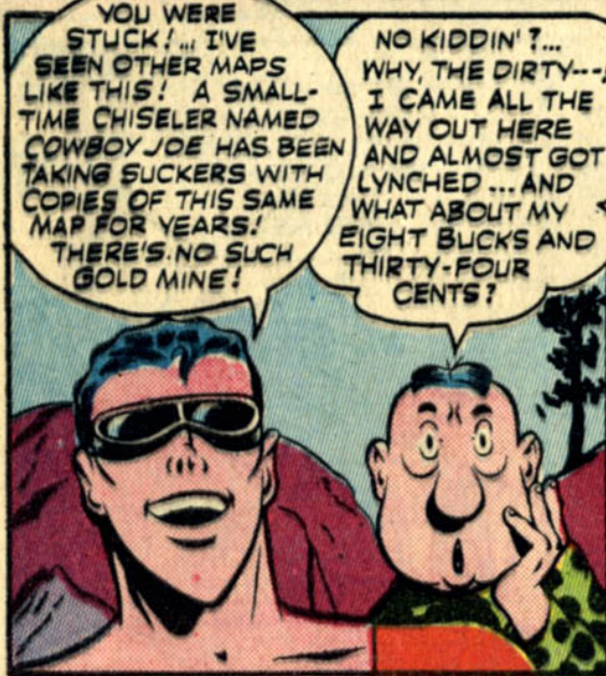












CONTENTS

**The Game of Death — does Plastic Man hold
the winning hand? page 1**

**Now you see it, now you don't — Plastic Man
has the Japs rubbing their eyes page 13**

**Willie McGoon, Dope, didn't know right from
wrong — but Plastic Man and Woozy set
him straight, the HARD way page 28**

**Plastic Man and Woozy come to "grips" with
Bronty Green, Public Enemy No. 1 page 40**

**Go West, young man, go West — but to Plas-
tic Man and Woozy it nearly meant, West
of the Great Divide page 42**



THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN